THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 72. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1892. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 17

PARTED.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

"The Spring is fair,
But I am broken-hearted;
Her very beauty's hard to bear
While from my dear one parted."

So to a lonely grave the mourner crept—
And saw no longer dark the earthy mound;
Straight from its sheath the flaming crocus leapt
And meeker snowdrops bent to kiss the ground.

A gleam of Heaven came softly through the gloom,
A sun-ray gemmed the tears in weeping eyes;
For Spring had written, even on the tomb,
"Resurgam"—blessed word—"I shall arise."

A GUILTLESS SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILL WINDS of autumn had swept the branches bare, leaving them like giant semaphores, waving long arms about as if signalling to the powers of winter to advance and take possession of the earth—frost-fiend and snow-king who usher themselves in under the cover of November fogs and fierce winds, and then suddenly burst, like an invading army, upon the land, destroying all that had hitherto been spared.

November is not a season for love-making, but still the heart is not always proof against external nature, and vows are plighted in snowy regions and torrid climes alike—the old, old story is one that never wearies when whispered into the little pink ears of lovely women.

"And so you think you could love me a little bit, Estelle?" asked Herbert D'Aguilar, as he stood in the chill November evening, his arm encircling the slim waist of a lovely girl whose head rested against his broad shoulder, and whose ripe lips were so temptingly near his that he could not forbear tasting their sweetness.

"Yes, Herbert, you know I love you," she replied softly, as a burning blush mantled her cheeks, like the reflection of a crimson glow from love's heaven. "You are dearer to me than even I like to confess, but I fear my guardian will never hear of my marrying you; he has spoken of you, but always as a poor, struggling gentleman."

"I care not what he thinks, darling, as long as I possess your love; our prospects now appear to others like the drear chill of a November evening; but your guardian forgets that winter will be succeeded by spring and summer, when flowers bloom, and the sweet perfume of roses floats upon the soft gales. Let us only be true to each other, sweet one, and we can defy even fate itself."

And as if to assure her that his words would prove prophetic, he sealed her lips with kisses that stirred her very soul to its depths, and provoked in her pure bosom a desire to hasten the time when love would be swallowed up in wedded bliss.

"Herbert, my own love, oh! how I wish I could comfort you by the assurance of my loyalty to you. Come what may, I will be true to you."

But even as she said the words she shuddered as if the keen biting north wind had found its way through her fur cloak and turned her young blood to water.

Was it a warning to her that the love which now burnt in her heart would die out as years flew by, or be extinguished suddenly by death?

Time alone, that great assayer who tries all things, only could answer these questions.

He pressed her to his heart and kissed her so ardently that even the biting wintry blast was forgotten in the warm glow that ran through her veins like quicksilver, lighting love's fire in her dark eyes, and filling her whole being with a delicious sense of joy.

In the dark November gloaming, when no crimson tint was in the western sky to proclaim the dying glory of the sun, but only heavy vapor that wreathed itself into mystic, weird shapes, the seed of love had quickened and become a living sentient thing, and Estelle, whether for weal or woe, had given her fresh young heart to the man on whose breast she leant like ivy against oak.

"I feel, dear love, that I could do anything for your sake; aye, even to sell my very soul to possess you for my own," he said, with such an intensity of passion in his voice that it smote upon her ears like a fiendish echo from Inferno, that place of the lost.

And as if to heighten the effect upon her imaginative mind, the wind burst into soughs so weird and unearthly, like great wails of anguish from a tortured spirit, that she said in a tone of terror—

"Herbert, what are you saying? You frighten me. I want no sacrifice from you; nothing but love, love."

His answer was to press her more closely to his heaving breast that was storm-tossed by the knowledge that she was rich, he poor; nothing more in the estimation of the world but a mechanic, toiling for daily bread.

"Oh! the curse of poverty," he said, bitterly; "not that which denies the means of procuring food, but the penury of riches, which keeps a man down whom wealth, if he had it, would raise to a pinnacle of greatness. I feel I have genius, that money alone is needed to give it free scope; and now that I have won your love I am maddened by the thought that years must pass before I can claim you as my wife."

"Nay Herbert, darling," she said, caressingly, "do not speak like that, or I will have to scold you. When I come into my inheritance it will all be yours."

He shook his head resolutely, and a stern expression came into his handsome face as he said—

"I would not care to owe everything even to the woman I love. These vast estates (waving his hand to indicate his meaning) are one day to be mine. They never ought to have been hers; she was only my uncle's housekeeper, and in a moment of drivelling infatuation he married her. Oh! the cruelty of the whole thing!"

"Dear Herbert, don't get so excited; wait patiently, your aunt may yet do you justice."

"What guarantee have I that she ever will?" he asked, almost fiercely. "He left everything to her with simply the verbal condition—only verbal, mark you—that at her death I was to be her heir."

"She is childless, dear, and can have no motive for treating you unjustly," said Estelle, trying to comfort him and to extract from his heart the bitter feeling that existed there for the woman who, whether innocently or not, had stepped in between him and his just inheritance.

"You little know her, my darling. She is penurious, screws and scrapes, and never offers me help, although a few hundreds of the many thousands that are mine by right would make a man of me. When I offend her, she threatens to alter her will and to leave every penny to charity. Sometimes I feel that I could—bah! what am I saying? Pardon me darling, for showing my temper before you, but the thought of what might have been, if I had been treated fairly, makes me almost mad to think of it only."

The lovers were standing in the park of "Thrift House," an almost palatial mansion, built by Herbert's uncle when he retired from business, that of a broker, in which he had amassed a fabulous fortune. He had promised his brother, Herbert's father, to look after the youth, which he did by apprenticing him to the trade of an engineer, but beyond this he did nothing else in his lifetime except to promise that at his death he would leave him heir to the whole of his fortune.

"I won't bring you up with a silver spoon always in your mouth, lad," he was wont to say to his nephew; "when you come into your fortune you will know how to take care of it. I couldn't rest easy in my grave if I thought my hard earned earnings would be squandered on rioting and junketings among a parcel of Jezebels."

Imagine the bitterness of Herbert D'Aguilar, who thought his future secure, when his uncle married his housekeeper, and, at his death, left everything to her, with only a verbally expressed condition that his nephew should be her heir.

"See," said Herbert almost savagely, "she, the woman who baulks me of my inheritance, is so miserly that she won't use more than one room and begrudges a light in the hall, burns coke largely in her sitting-room, and pares down things so closely that one never feels satisfied after a meal. Fancy her possessing unlimited wealth. Why, it's like throwing pearls before swine. How I hate her!"

"But that is wrong, Herbert," said Estelle, a look of pain coming into her lovely face. "Surely she has a right to do what she likes with her own—besides, she is increasing your inheritance and not wasting it as some would do."

"I suppose you are right, darling. I must try to like her, but, oh, it is so hard," he replied, with a weary sigh. "But Estelle, see, there's a thick fog coming on accompanied by a mizzling rain; you must take shelter in the house."

"No, no, Herbert; indeed I would rather go home. Your aunt would be sure to object to receive a visitor at this hour."

"Let her. Do you think I could expose you to the hazard of catching cold just because she is disagreeable. I'll get her permission to your being driven home in the only carriage she keeps. Wait till I come into the fortune—I'll manage things differently."

In spite of Estelle's protests he took her arm and led her to the house, and she was introduced to the old lady in due course.

Mrs. D'Aguilar—how ill-fitting the name seemed to such a person—was lean, hard featured, and forbidding in appearance, and her small grey eyes had a fashion of screwing themselves together disagreeably when she was vexed, the said eyes having plenty of occupation in this respect, for their owner was seldom or ever in a good humor. But this evening, somehow, she was more amiable than Herbert had ever remembered, and, after looking long and critically at Estelle—who turned red and white alternately under her rather rude scrutiny—she said:

"Sit down, my pretty dear; what is your name? I'm a little deaf, and did not catch what my nephew said."

"Estelle Mordaunt," she shyly replied.

"And a very pretty name too, my dear; but names don't butter parsnips, do they? Look at my nephew, 'Herbert D'Aguilar,' ha! ha! and he only a common mechanic, now out of work. It would have been better if he had been born a plain 'Brown,' or 'Smith,' or 'Robinson,' for all the good his own is likely to do him."

"What a dreadful old lady it is," thought poor Estelle, who could see how the words stabbed her lover to the heart, making him bite his lips hard to keep down the retort that came to them.

Whilst Estelle shifted uneasily on the chair, which appeared to be stuffed with thorns, the old lady fired off another of her crabby remarks, saying—

"I suppose you are going to marry Herbert, eh? He's been telling you, no doubt, that he's my heir; but don't be too sure of that, my dear—'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' I have made a will in his favor, but wills have been altered before now."

Herbert was literally boiling over with passion, and he could have strangled the waspish tongued woman who had dared to put such an insult upon Estelle in his presence.

"We love each other, madam," said Estelle, quietly, "and some day hope to marry. He has talents and will yet win his way in the world. I am sorry you think so meanly of me as to suppose I am swayed by mercenary considerations. I must say good-bye, now, Mrs. D'Aguilar, the fog has cleared off. I thank you for your hospitality."

Rising, she made her hostess a stately bow, and was leaving the room when her lover said:—

"Miss Mordaunt, you cannot possibly leave in this weather to walk nearly a mile to your home; please be seated until I can order the carriage, with my aunt's permission, of course."

"Hoity, toity. Carriage indeed!" snorted the whilom housekeeper. "When I was a girl I thought nothing of a walk, in the worst of weathers. Miss Mordaunt is young, and strong, and healthy, and won't hurt; she can have my shawl, it's old but will keep out the wet, and my pattens, they'll keep her feet dry. She wears Paris kid, I dare say, and——"

She gave a low chuckle of satisfaction when she perceived that her words had the effect of driving Estelle away, followed by Herbert, the dandy mechanic, as she styled him in derision of his gentlemanly appearance, spotless linen, and well-fitting gloves.

"I owe you a thousand apologies, my darling," he said, as he held the umbrella over her to shield her from the wet. "Can you wonder at my almost hating her?"

"I felt a little vexed, Herbert, at first," she said with a little laugh, just to cheer and soothe him, "but every allowance is to be made for a woman who has no education, and never moved in good society. You must have patience with her, dear; here is a spiteful nature, and in a moment of irritation she might be tempted to do you an injustice. Promise me to be careful for both our sakes."

His unspoken comment on this was: "I wish she was dead; she has lived too long."

But aloud he said—

"Estelle, you are an angel. I will strive hard for your sake to bear her ill-humor."

He little knew, when he bade good-night and kissed her with all love's intensity, that he was returning to face a terrible temptation, that might wreck the whole of his future and hers.

CHAPTER II.

"So you have seen the grand lady home, have you?" his aunt snarled, the moment he entered the sitting-room. "She thinks me vulgar, no doubt, and turns up her

nose at me; but I've got the whip-hand of everybody. I'm rich, while you, with all your fine airs, are only a pauper living on my bounty."

He remembered his promise to Estelle and said nothing, although he longed to give her back her insults with interest.

"Oh! you won't speak, won't you? Now listen to me, Mr. Herbert D'Aguilar," and she shook a bony finger at him, and her thin, hooked nose quivered, whilst her small ferret-like eyes scintillated like those of an irritated snake. "Your uncle had a long talk to me before he died, and made me give him a solemn promise that I would make you my heir. I have kept it by making a will in your favor. But he was a sharp man, was that uncle of yours. He told me that if you married any stuck-up hussy—any pauper lady that can play the piano and sing, or rather squall, like the cats on the tiles, I was not to leave you a penny. What do you think of that, my fine gentleman, eh?"

"That my poor uncle was not in his right senses," said Herbert, half angrily.

"Oh! he wasn't—that's your opinion. Now, my gentleman-mechanic, don't knit your brow at me, or I'll bundle you out of my house like a lot of bad rubbish. If you don't give up Miss Estelle Mordaunt, not one penny of my money will ever go to you. She's an artful, designing hussy, and knows I've made my will in your favor."

"You may revile and insult me as you like, aunt, but please remember that Miss Mordaunt is a lady, and speak of her with respect!"

"A lady?—yes, without a penny to blow herself with, no doubt, and with a lot of half-hungry brothers and sisters looking forward to be kept on my money!"

"It's false! She is an heiress in her own right, and, when of age, will be rich—richer than you were when my uncle did you the honor to marry you out of charity!" he said passionately, as he flung himself out of the room, followed by her exasperating chuckle, that always acted upon him like a blister on a raw spot.

"Curse her!" he hissed, when he gained his room, "why do I put up with her insolence? Am I to be continually tortured by her unfeeling remarks? Give up Estelle? Never! I'd kill——"

He checked himself as his eyes fell upon a little cabinet of curiosities, the gift of a dead friend who, after a sojourn abroad, had come home to England to die.

"By heavens, it's just the thing!" he said, with colorless lips. "He told me that the cabinet contained a gum, known to the South-America Indians, which, administered in water, kills without leaving a trace of poison behind. He warned me against letting the dangerous thing fall into the hands of an unscrupulous person. She had lived long enough. I will have my inheritance, aye, even if I sell my immortal soul to gain it!"

Stung to the quick by his aunt's caustic remarks, and the threat of disinheriting him if he did not give up Estelle, he was ready for even the foul crime of murder.

Taking out the colorless gum, that seemed so innocent of working harm, he held it in his hand, and muttered—

"Shall I do it? I am poor; she may live twenty years longer to keep me out of my just inheritance!"

He was absorbed in one evil thought. The tempter was at his elbow, whispering that only the courage of a man was required to make him rich, wealthy, and the envy of thousands, the possessor of one of the loveliest women ever created—Estelle Mordaunt.

"But what if I should be found out?" he muttered, and the words hissed as if they came through red-hot bars of iron, whilst great beads of perspiration stood on his furrowed brow, as if old age and its wrinkles had come upon him in an hour. "I have only my dead friend's word that the poison works so effectually and is untraceable. Oh! Estelle, my darling, come to me! Stand between me and this temptation—be my guardian angel! How can I give you up?"

And, sinking into a chair, he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud in bitter anguish of soul under the scorching baleful influence of an impulse to crime.

The gum fell from his grasp to the floor and rolled towards the hearth, as if to hide itself from him—to save him from so foul an offence as murder.

Starting to his feet, he paced the room in a state of frenzy bordering upon madness, with the blood surging to his brain so fast that it was a wonder the veins could hold or control its action.

His door was a little way ajar, and whilst he battled against evil, striving, oh! so hard to crush his murderous impulses down, a voice, which stung him like a scorpion, said—

"Remember, not a penny unless you give up that fine lady and settle down to honest work. The doctors say I'm likely to live till I'm a hundred. Good-night—pleasant dreams!"

And as he stood with a look of deep hate on his face, her exasperating chuckle roused him to positive fury, until he felt that he could smash every atom of furniture in the room.

"No, I'll not destroy inanimate things," he said, hoarsely, "but she must die. I care not for discovery—her days are numbered."

He started, and looked round in alarm, for a lump of coal had fallen out of the grate to the fender with a loud crash, as if his rash resolve had aroused the ire of some unseen listener. As he bent down to replace the fallen fuel his eyes fell upon the gum, which he picked hastily and replaced in the cabinet, with a guilty look, as if he had already committed the crime he meditated.

Days passed, but still the haunting thought possessed him—that his aunt had lived too long in justice to himself.

He met Estelle by stealth now, lest that bane of his life, Mrs. D'Aguilar, should find out he had disobeyed her, and carry out her threat of making a new will.

The only friend he had at Thrift House was a Miss Mary Larkins, a young woman with blue eyes and straw-colored hair, who, for a certain consideration, acted as companion and drudge to Mrs. D'Aguilar.

He used to speak always kindly to her, and made her little presents, until from liking she got to love him, without, however, even dreaming that she would ever gain his in return.

The morning after the terrible temptation through which he had passed, and which still pursued him, he said, "Miss Larkins, would you do me a favor?"

"Yes, a thousand," she replied, softly; "What is it, Mr. D'Aguilar?"

"To keep an eye on my aunt's letters; and if you see one to her lawyers, old Grubb and Spollom, let me see it before you post it. She has intentions towards me that are anything but kind. Some day, Mary, I'll be able to reward you handsomely if you only help me now."

"She's a nasty, spiteful old woman, and if it wasn't for your kindness I wouldn't stay a day in her service. Of course I'll do it—no letter will leave the house without you knowing it. I wish you were master here, things would alter for the better soon."

Her wish, though lightly expressed, strengthened his resolve to rid himself of the incubus to his own advancement in life, and the happiness of others.

"Thank you, dear Miss Larkins" (how she blushed and cast down her eyes at the endearing term), "perhaps some day you will have your wish; she can't live for ever, you know."

Although she attached no importance to his words at the moment, yet she remembered them at a later period, when events gave to them a meaning of a startling character.

As if to tempt him to show her no mercy, his aunt did all in her power to irritate and insult her, as if bent upon rushing headlong to her doom.

Miss Mordaunt was her constant theme, and she appeared to have sharpened her tongue to say spiteful things about a girl she had only seen once in her life.

It was the old lady's habit to take a quinine draught once a week every Sunday morning, and on this hinge he meant to work his scheme for ridding himself of her, once and for ever.

He got hold of one of the bottles, duly labelled, which came from the chemist, and dissolving a portion of the poisonous gum purchased some quinine, and the engine of death was ready.

It took him some time to make up his mind to do the deed, for at heart he was not a bad man.

His habits were most abstemious, and he did not crave for riches for their own sake alone, but merely to use them as a vehicle to advance his worldly prospects.

His great ruling passion was ambition, and this more than anything else incited him to crime.

At last came a day when, to save himself from ultimate worldly ruin, he resolved to act, and that quickly.

He had put off the matter from week to week, as long as his aunt gave no indication of carrying out her threat of making a new will.

But on Christmas Eve Miss Larkins brought him a letter addressed to the family lawyers, which he opened, over the steam from a kettle, and read.

"So, you viper!" he almost hissed, "this is your game, is it? they're to meet you on Boxing-day, to talk over details of a new will, to be made in favor of your niece, whom I'm to marry, or forfeit my inheritance; you shall not live to do that; by heavens! no."

In his passion he almost crushed the letter in his hand, but remembering that in that case it would not reach its destination, and perhaps lead to suspicion on Mary's part when the tragedy was over, he resealed the missive, which was in reality his aunt's death warrant.

The doomed woman spent most of the day and the evening in the kitchen, superintending the Christmas preparations, for though a niggard, she always observed the day in a becoming manner, and loaded her table with Christmas cheer.

The quinine draught somehow arrived late, and it was past eleven before the chemist's boy brought it.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the bells from the various steeples rang out merry chimes, speaking of "Peace on earth, good-will to man."

What stealthy footstep was that which approached the sitting-room? not surely that of a man who had come to wish the owner of Thrift House a merry Christmas in anticipation.

No, nor did the face of Herbert D'Aguilar wear a holiday expression; it was pale, almost approaching the gray tint of death, and his eyes were preternaturally bright.

Miss Larkins, who had stolen from the kitchen to have a look at the Christmas illustrated papers, heard the stealthy footstep, and thinking that her mistress intended to surprise her in the flagrant act of idling away her time, stole behind the heavy curtain, and stood there trembling like a criminal detected in the commission of a theft.

"Why, it's only Herbert, after all," she thought, and was on the point of coming out of her concealment to greet him when she noticed that he approached the table with swift strides, and taking up the phial which she had placed there, he substituted another in its stead, as he said in a low tone, loud enough, however, to reach her—

"That will avenge years of wrong."

As soon as he was gone she rushed out, and did not again enter the sitting-room that evening. Nor did she seem to think that anything was wrong, except that, perhaps, Herbert meant to play off a practical joke on his aunt in revenge for her constant display of ill temper.

Midnight chimed from a neighboring steeple before Mrs. D'Aguilar entered her room where Herbert was seated looking over the papers, his face shaded by his hand.

"Why don't you wish me a merry Christmas, sir?" she asked; "where are your manners?"

"I do, and many of them, aunt," he replied, in so hollow a voice that it startled even him.

"Same to you, Herbert," she said, with less asperity than was her wont. "I expect my niece, Alice Murray, here to-morrow, and I want you to be very kind to her. Good night."

"Good night, aunt," he said, and then his eye fell upon the phial which she had forgotten.

Rising hurriedly, he followed her saying—

"Dear aunt, you have forgotten this," as he handed her the deadly draught.

"Thank you; perhaps, after all, I won't take it to-night; it will save me eighteen pence if I keep it till next week. I never felt in better health. Good night again."

Such was his emotion that he could not remain in the house, the air of which seemed stifling, and putting on his hat, he rushed into the frosty air, and heard the bells of Christmas ringing out clear and musically, and in the distance the voices of carol singers, but the glad tidings they announced found no echo in his heart.

CHAPTER III.

THE stars gleamed in the heavens like crystal gems, and the moon shone with a soft benignant light which transformed the snowy carpet that Nature had spread over the earth into waves of undulating silver, ridge upon ridge; here a drift like a giant cairn of downy feathers, there a white sea in which trees and evergreens stood silent and beautiful, there branches loaded with snow that the frost had hardened into crystals, and which shone with a brilliancy cheating one into the belief that Santa Claus, that beneficent friend to children, had prepared a surprise for his little constituents on the morrow.

"There's a light in her window," Herbert murmured, as he looked up at the front of the house, "but soon her candle of life will be put out forever. Oh! God, what have I done? Will coming into my just inheritance ever compensate me for years of remorse?"

Although the night was intensely cold, for the frost-fiend rode on the north wind and was holding high carnival, yet the wretched man burned with fever that parched his lips and seemed to shrivel his skin.

"There! there! see, she is drinking the draught; her hand is raised! I can see the reflection of the horrible tragedy on the window blind. Aunt! stop. Oh! Heaven save me from crime," he muttered, hoarsely; and so intense was his emotion that he reeled and staggered like a drunken man, his hands fighting the empty air, his eyes haggard and bloodshot, his lips moving in a delirium of torment, and there, as if Nature could no longer withstand the strain, he sank with a low moan of anguish on the snow.

Oh! you Christmas bells that bring such joy to countless hearts, why, oh! why did you not save this man from the awful shadow of a crime that would haunt him for ever and for aye?

In hospitals, almshouses, in fetid lanes and alleys, as well as in the mansions of the rich, your musical notes cause hearts to beat with pleasure, and even the vagrant and outcast rejoice because you tell of a good cheer in which they hope to share, and for one day at least to fill their craving stomachs to the full with food and drink.

You keen, biting north wind, dry and searching in your intensity as the hot breath of the deadly sirocco that sweeps over wastes of hots and and overwhelms the dusky sons of the desert, why do you bear to the stricken man, as he lays half unconscious, his white face pressing the virgin snow, those voices which in rich harmony sing the song of glad tidings that centuries ago was heard in Galilee by shepherds watching their flocks by night?

"No, no," he gasped, as he half raised himself in the snow, "do not sing that; I——I—— Oh, Heaven! Mercy! mercy!"

But still the song sounded, and the words held him spell-bound with a fascination all their own.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

"Am I dreaming?" he moaned. "They sing of glory; of heaven. No more, no more; in mercy, cease to torture me?"

"'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'"

"Fear not! Oh, Heaven! Mercy! mercy! What is this that binds me as with bands of iron? I cannot rise. Glad tidings! Oh! merciful Saviour, hold her hand; don't let her drink. Ah! too late! too late!"

And he sank back again on his snowy couch, and tried to stop his ears to shut out those sounds of Christmas bells and voices, but his hands seemed paralyzed, and refused to obey the promptings of his will.

Every word of the noble Christmas carol stabbed him to the heart, because they spoke of mercy; but could it ever reach him, murderer that he was?

The last verse of the carol roused him to blank despair, and by a mighty effort he raised himself on his elbow and listened, his ghastly face rendered more so still by the mystic light of the queen of night who rode so silently but majestically in the heavens.

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

And as if to emphasize the truth of the reconciliation between heaven and earth the bells rang out more jealously, causing the frosty air to vibrate with wavelets of sweet sounds.

He writhed as if suffering torture on a rack of man's fiendish ingenuity, and grasped at the snow to help him to rise, but it was like a rope of sand, and gave him no support.

Turning his heavy head round, he saw a light in her window still, and shuddered as imagination pictured her—her form so still and motionless, her unclosed eyes staring mutely into space—"dead—dead—dead!"

Thrice did he murmur the awful word which for countless ages has brought such sorrow and dismay to human hearts, and then he took a handful of the cold, white

frosted rain, and put it to his lips and sucked it as if it were nectar.

The moisture revived him, and seemed to dispel the horrible trance that had overwhelmed him like an avalanche. Staggering to his feet, he let himself in at the side door, and at once to his overheated imagination there came a smell of death—horrible, nauseating, overpowering. The house was hushed into silence, and if the few servants which its mistress kept were not yet asleep, they were careful not to show they kept vigil, listening to the carol-singers, for fear of arousing her ire.

Christmas decorations met his affrighted gaze. Mistletoe hung over doors, and glistening holly, with their red bead-like berries, spoke of happiness.

His footfall alarmed him, because it aroused ghostly echoes, and his own shadow terrified him more than once—so true is it that "a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all."

The moonlight, streaming in through an unblinded window, gave a ghostly aspect to everything it rested on, and he hurried by it with a beating heart, fearful lest bony fingers should clutch him and mutter in his ear "murderer!"

He had to pass her room before he could reach his own apartment; and twice did he essay to do so, and as often his trembling limbs refused obedience.

"Perhaps she did not take it; I'll steal in and remove the deadly draught." He muttered. "Courage, Herbert, be a man!" and he smote his breast mechanically, as if that would infuse a braver spirit in him.

A strange thing for her—the door of her sleeping chamber was ajar. He stood and listened. Not a sound—all was as still as death. Not even the faintest whisper of a breath disturbed the awful silence.

Inch by inch he pushed the door back and looked in. There was the dressing-table, and on it the phial, which gleamed in the stray beams that floated into the room. Like a miser gloating over a treasure he advanced to seize it, when lo! a faint noise startled him.

Looking round, he saw something white near the foot of the bed, which was shrouded with dimity curtains. It moved. Oh, horror! was it her spirit come to accuse him? He could bear it no more; the tension on his nerves was too great for human being to bear, without going mad, under the strain.

With an unearthly yell, he fled—fled with the speed of an arrow to his chamber, and, throwing himself on his bed, swooned.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN he awoke the winter's sun was streaming, or rather struggling, into the room, and remembered it was Christmas, a day to rejoice on, to make merry with song and dance, to feast on good cheer, and to wish friends, neighbors, even passers-by in the street, "A merry, Christmas!"

For a few brief moments the events of the night had faded from his memory, and oh! what a mercy it would have been if this happy oblivion had continued. But those cells in which the past is stored up unclosed their doors, and let in a flood of recollection, overwhelming, complete. "What has happened?" he muttered, clasping his forehead. "Is she dead? Oh, no! Perhaps it is nothing but an evil dream. I would give up my just inheritance to hear the sound of her voice again! What is that—a knock?"

Jumping out of bed, he laved his face in pure icy cold water, wetting his head with it, until it seemed to numb the blood in his veins.

Brushing his hair, and hastily slipping on a dressing-gown, and schooling himself to appear calm, he opened the door, and there stood Mary Larkins, who seemed to look at him strangely. She held a tray on which was a cup of fragrant tea and a small decanter of brandy.

He longed to ask after his aunt, but the words died away on his lips; and he could have struck the girl before him because she only looked at him, and did not speak. Why did she stare at him so? Good Heavens! did she know his awful secret? Could she not wish him "a merry Christmas," or say something, however commonplace and trival?

"Dear Mr. D'Aguilar" (she had so addressed him before, he thought, why now?), "you look ill; drink this. I will see you again presently."

And, putting down the tray, she left before he could ascertain the meaning of her strange behavior.

"This suspense is maddening!" he exclaimed. "I will knock at my aunt's door myself, and know the worst."

But the heart failed him, and he sank into a chair, and then, feeling half stifled, he threw open the window, to allow all the cold, frosty air to rush in.

For a moment his eye dwelt on the scene beneath him—nothing but snow, pure white, as if emblematic of innocent. But was he innocent? How he wished to know! Would that girl, with the straw-colored air and blue eyes, never return and ease his misery?

Sick at heart, he turned away from the window, and his eyes fell on the brandy. Pouring out some tea into the saucer, he emptied the contents of the decanter into both it and the cup, and, with a hand that trembled like a drunkard's, drank the fiery draught, which seemed to infuse new life into him.

A footstep! He arose eagerly, and stood face to face with Mary Larkins.

"Are you able to bear bad news?" she asked, laying her hand endearingly on his arm. But he shrank away from her mere touch, as if he recognized in her an enemy, in whose power he found himself placed.

"Bad news?" All he could do was to echo her own words, as she kept her bright blue eyes fixed on him with the baleful glance of a basilisk—at least, so it seemed to him.

"Your aunt is——"

She hesitated, for her words moved him strangely. The blood forsook his face and rushed into his eyes; then came such a piteous, appealing look, like that of a hunted animal, that she could not find it in her woman's heart to finish the sentence.

Clutching her arm in a vice-like grip that caused her to cry out with pain, he said, hoarsely:—

"Why don't you speak? Can't you see how you are torturing me, woman?"

"Don't, Herbert, you hurt me," she cried. "Your aunt was found dead in her bed."

"Dead! no, no," he exclaimed, hysterically, still gripping her arm, "you but jest. Why do you look at me so? I did not kill her."

"Hush!" she said in a whisper, and biting her lip to keep down the pain which his grasp caused her. "For your own sake, be silent; I will keep your secret!"

He staggered away from her, and his eyes literally blazed with fury and his right hand worked nervously, for he longed to spring at her throat and strangle the life out of her.

Was it for this he had sinned, using a deadly drug, which defied detection. How did she know his secret? She must have watched him—dogged his footsteps like a cat. And from that moment he hated her, because he was in her power.

Oh, how bitterly he felt his sin at that moment. He was like a wild beast driven at bay, pushed into a corner, but, unlike a hunted animal, he dared not turn upon his pursuer, because crime had tied his hands and she knew his secret.

But, even now, when brought face to face with her who could witness against him and perhaps place the fatal noose round his neck, he made a show of defending himself and said, with bloodless lips—

"I did not murder her: you would not bring so foul a crime against an innocent man?"

Then, before she would reply, he stultified himself by adding—

"I am rich now. I will give you half my fortune to hold your tongue."

He waited, oh so anxiously, for her reply, forgetting that his offered bribe was in itself a confession of guilt more damning even than if he had made a clean breast of the whole affair.

There was no look of triumph in her eyes, no indication that she would accept his bribe, but, in the place of this, there stole into them a tender expression—all pitying, loving as if she longed to throw her arms around him and say—

"Herbert, I will shield you, because I love you!"

The silence that was in the room was oppressive to him, so much that he wished she would openly charge him with the crime instead of standing there with a dumb look of pity in her face.

He had placed the tray on the dressing-table near the window, through which there hopped a robin red-breast, the bird of winter, who, placing his little head saucily aside, looked at the pair as if to say—

"Hallo! why are you standing there, you two, like statues? I have come to greet you this Christmas morning. Won't you give me some of this nice thin bread and butter? If you don't, I'll make free to take it for myself,"

"Is that not enough?" Herbert D'Aguilar asked hoarsely. "Good Heavens, what is it you want?"

"Hush! walls have ears. I will see you again," she said softly. "All I can say now is, your secret is perfectly safe with me."

And, before he could detain her, she glided away, phantom-like; just as a loud cessaress came to the door, which alarmed him and scared little robin red-breast, which flew to the leafless branch of an adjoining tree and piped its thanks for the breakfast it had partaken of.

Herbert's state of agitation was so great that he sank into a chair, and every moment he expected that a police-officer would walk in to arrest him. All his thoughts dwelt upon the one absorbing theme—murder! The wind seemed to whisper it, and the snow on the trees seemed to him blood-red, not white; and, unconsciously, he looked at his hands to see if they bore a crimson stain.

Another tap at the door—this time a servant to say that Miss Murray had arrived and wished to see him.

Could he meet her—she, the niece of the woman he had so foully done to death?

She might detect his awful secret in his face and denounce him that Christmas morn, and have him dragged away to prison like a common felon.

"I must face them all," he muttered, wearily. "I am master now, having come into my just inheritance," and he laughed a low, mocking, hollow laugh that sounded weird and unearthly even in his own ears, and must have terrified anyone who had heard it, it sounded so out of place on that happy day, when faces were wreathed with smiles and old enmities were forgotten, and hands that had not clasped each other for many a day were held out in amity.

Nerving himself for the effort, he washed and dressed and looked at himself in the glass to see if he would pass muster.

Pride and ambition now came to his aid and whispered—

"Courage, man; you have sinned for something. Wealth, position, all are at your feet. No one but Mary Larkins knows—you can bribe her. Estelle is yours now; courage!"

With compressed lips and head erect he left the room that had been a veritable purgatory to him, but his step grew less elastic and his head bent low as he passed the room where she lay so calm and still, never to trouble him again or exasperate him to madness with biting gibes and threats.

He wondered afterwards how he got through the day; he ate and drank and talked, but someone else seemed to be doing it for him all the while.

No Christmas festivities marked the day. The blinds were drawn, and people walked softly about the spacious house speaking only in whispers, as if they laughed and talked their loudest it would awaken the sleeper from a sleep that knows no ending.

Estelle had sent him a Christmas card with pretty verses, love being the theme, but it gave him no comfort, and he hardly dared to take the satiny thing in his unclean, crime-stained hand, it looked so pure and innocent.

"How can I ever look her in the face again," he thought, "or press my lips to hers—it would be desecration. If I escape detection I must go abroad and hide my criminal head in a strange land."

The weary day came to an end at last, and he, tired-out and utterly wretched, fell into a heavy stupor, which hardly deserved the name of sleep.

He had come into his inheritance on Christmas Day; but would immense wealth bring him peace of mind or remove the brand of Cain from his brow?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT WAS THE MINISTER'S TARTAN?—Every clan of Scottish Highlanders had its own tartan, or striped colored cloth, of which the kilt and plaid were made. It is not so well known, however, that the clergy of the Highlanders, down to a recent date, used a tartan for their week-day dress. The tartan was of white, black, and grey stripes. Ministers who did not care to don the kilt almost always wore the plaid or mantle of this material. In the eighteenth century, when the Highlanders seldom went unarmed, it was the custom of some clergymen to wear swords, even at church, and to be accompanied by a gillie, or servant, carrying a bow and a case of arrows. Nothing could better illustrate the disturbed state of those times than this practice on the part of men who were pre-eminently preachers of peace and good-will.

JUDGE—"What's the charge against this fellow?" Officer—"He robbed a shoe store, yer Honor." Judge—"Ah, I see, a free-booter."

Bric-a-Brac.

SOCIETY.—Society is advanced in proportion as human nature is respected. It is the misery of the present state that man, as man, is counted so little worth. A just estimate of human nature, of its purposes, powers, destiny, leading to general courtesy, respect, and effort for advancement of this nature in each and all—this is the measure of the progress of society. The true organization of society is that in which all improvements of the higher are communicated to the lower classes, and in which intellect and virtue descend and are diffused.

WHO ARE THE WHITE JEWS?—In Cochin, a town on the coast of Travancore, a state in the south-west of India, there is a small body of Jews who are called White Jews, because their skin is fair and their hair light. They were once very numerous along this coast, but in Cochin, where they have a quarter all to themselves, there are now only some two hundred of them. They have dwelt here for hundreds of years as a distinct race, and claim to be descendants of the Jews who fled from Jerusalem after its destruction by the Romans (A. D. 70).

THE RED HAND OF IRELAND.—The O'Neill, the prince of Ulster, who was stripped of his land in that province by James I., bore the strange surname of the "Red Hand of Erin," and it is said that this is the motto of the O'Neills to its day. This title arose, so the story goes, in the time of the first O'Neill. Long, long ago there was an expedition to Ireland, and it was declared that who first touched the soil should own the land that he touched. O'Neil, seeing a boat outstripping the one in which he sat, cut off his left hand and flung it ashore. Thus did he obtain the estates that his descendants forfeited.

AUDUBON'S TAME TURKEY.—Audubon, the great American naturalist, succeeded in rearing a wild turkey that became very tame. Still, love of freedom was inborn, and it had to be allowed to roam at its own sweet will in the woods near its owner's house. It spent the whole day in the forest, returning home only at night. At last it forgot to come back. Some time afterwards Audubon went a-hunting, and saw in the distance a splendid wild turkey, on which he set his dog. To his surprise, however, the bird did not fly away, nor did the dog seize it when he drew up to it, but instead turned his head towards his master. When Audubon approached, he at once identified his missing pet. The turkey and the dog, too, had recognised each other as old friends. So they all went home together.

THE IRISH HARP.—The old style Irish harp was about four feet high, had no pedals, and was strung to the black with straps. The one belonging to King Brian Boru, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, is still preserved in the museum at Trinity College, Dublin. It is black with age, and polished, but worm-eaten. The old relic is adorned with silver ornaments. The king's son, Teague, took the harp to Rome after the battle, and presented it to the Pope, together with the crown and regalia that had been worn by his father. A succeeding Pope gave it to Henry VIII. together with the title of "Defender of the Faith," and Henry gave it to the Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it was held until the beginning of the eighteenth century. It then passed through several hands, until 1780, when the college became its owner.

PLEASANT FORMS OF GREETING.—In a recent address, describing a journey through South-eastern Russia, Mr. George Kennan said the traveler in that region must always be prepared to improvise a new and appropriate salutation. To illustrate: "In the morning a mountaineer greets another with, 'May your morning be bright,' to which the prompt rejoinder is, 'And may a sunny day never pass you by.' A guest he welcomes with, 'May your coming bring joy,' and the guest replies, 'May a blessing rest on your house.' To one about to travel, the appropriate greeting is, 'May God make straight your road;' to one returning from a journey, 'May health and strength come back with rest.'" But, notwithstanding their courtesy, the Caucasian mountaineers are very pugnacious, and resort to their daggers very promptly to settle personal differences. This alacrity to fight, however, is by no means uncommon in other races, among whom forms of excessive courtesy prevail.

LITTLE JOHNNIE—"Pop, what's a green grocer?" Pop—"One who sells unadulterated goods."

IT COMES NOT BACK.

BY A.

Will it ever come back—the old, sweet thought,
That never a whisper of sorrow brought—
The old, dear love, that no cloud could dim;
The tender warmth of a fire within—
The light from no sun or earth-lamp lent—
The music born of no instrument.
Will it ever come back, the dear, lost thing?
Can nobody patch up this broken string?
There are chords, once broken, no hand can mend—
Strong chords, that snap where they cannot bend.
We may patch the rent with the heart's last creed;
'Twill answer no longer our spirit's need;
No longer vibrate as at love's own touch—
Love answering love with a swift, glad rush
Of joy, that no fate could spoil or crush,
Yet a word may break what not death could sever—
And trust, once broken, is broken forever.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "GWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI—(CONTINUED).

HE DISAPPEARED without waiting for further comment from Sir Geoffroy, and we could hear him whistling an air from the last opera-bouffe as he ran down the tower stairs. My companion meanwhile indulged in a loud snort of disapproval and stifled in the depths of a large red silk pocket-handkerchief which I expect was rather a forcible anathema.

"'Fool, and she's another!' he said aloud, evidently forgetful of my presence or regardless of it. 'Well, I'll put a stop to all this philandering before he is much older—upon my soul I will! He shall come to an understanding with her or I'll—I'll disinherit him! I can, and I'll do it! I'll not be thwarted in what I've set my heart on by a——'

"Breaking off abruptly without finishing his sentence, he suddenly flew at one of the smouldering logs in the wide fireplace, hitting it with the poker until it burst into a roaring flame. That done, he cast a sidelong glance at me as if half ashamed of his own violence.

"'I dare say you think I'm an ill-tempered cross-grained old fellow, now don't you?' he said, after a momentary pause. 'Oh, don't be afraid!'—seeing that I hesitated before replying. 'Speak your mind; I shan't be offended.'

"'I'm not afraid, sir. I was only wondering how I could speak the truth and yet be polite,' I answered boldly, 'I don't know about your being ill-tempered. I should think you were very hasty, and that in your haste you——'

"'Well, go on! Speak out, I tell you!' he shouted. 'I said, in my haste, "All men are liars," I suppose. Well, so I do, and at my leisure, too, for that matter'—with a snigger at his own poor attempt at wit.

"'No—not that; but that you often say and do what you must regret afterwards,' I replied as calmly as I could, trying to continue my writing as though nothing had happened, although I own to you, Jackie dear, that I was in fear of his wrath falling upon me.

"Nothing of the sort happened however; on the whole, I don't think Sir Geoffrey was displeased with my remark.

"'Well, perhaps so. I'll admit you're right,' he said, with surprising candor. 'All the same, though, I shall go on till the end of the chapter as I've begun. I'm getting an old man now.' He paused, and a peculiar expression flitted across his handsome face. 'How old do you suppose I am?' he exclaimed, with sudden directness, fixing his searching blue eyes upon me.

"'I should judge you to be about seventy, sir,' I answered, inwardly trembling.

"'Then you're wrong, ma'am. I'm sixty-nine and as sound as a rosch,' he replied promptly. 'And let me tell you, when you are nearly at the end of your tether, you'll think more of having an extra year stuck on to your age than you do at present. Yes, I'm sixty-nine—seventy on my next birthday, if I live to see it—a crusty old bachelor, full of fads and fancies, and without chick or child belonging to me.'

"'There is your nephew, sir—the gentleman who was here just now,' I ventured to remark, seeing that I was expected to say something.

"He nodded, drawing in his lips in a way peculiar to himself.

"'So there is—so there is,' he answered; 'there is my nephew, Captain Lancelot Tresham. A fine fellow, no doubt, you think, a fitting heir to the old name and the old place, where a good many of his forefathers have lived and married and died. One would think his own roof-tree should be of some value to him, that he would think himself—well, as favored by Providence in having such a home secured to him. Yet he prizes it not one single jot. Poor, nay, beggar as he is except for my help, he yet refuses to sacrifice his own selfish inclination to give me pleasure. Out of sheer contradiction he declines to make the marriage I have chosen for him, shilly-shallying with the woman until it would serve him right if she gave him the slip and accepted somebody else to-morrow.'

"'But perhaps Captain Tresham is not fond of the lady you want him to marry, sir,' I suggested. 'If such is the case, I for one do not think he is wrong in refusing to carry out your wishes in that respect. You would not surely condemn your nephew to a life of misery for the sake of adding wealth to a fortune that I should think must be quite large enough already.'

"'And who told you it was for the sake of money that I wanted Lance to marry Miss Carstairs?' asked my companion abruptly.

"'I only supposed it to be the case, sir. Nobody told me; only it is generally for greed of gain that most iniquities and injustices are perpetrated,' I answered, with some show of spirit. I was obliged to stick to my guns, you see, Jackie, although I was in a desperate fright all the time.

"'Iniquities and injustices! Upon my soul, young woman, you use pretty strong language, I must say!' exclaimed Sir Geoffroy, rather stiffly. 'I suppose you belong to the class of moon-struck females who advocate love in a cottage with empty cupboards, rather than a proper competency without any sentimental raptures and rubbish. I thought you had more sense!'

"'I don't know about raptures and rubbish, sir. I am quite sure I would rather spend my days in a garret with any one I liked than share a palace with a person I did not care for!' I said decidedly. There—I only spoke the truth; for I could live and die as happily as possible at Mulberry Cottage were it not right that Lance should have Tresham Park for his own and Tois after him!

"'Pshaw!' exclaimed Sir Geoffroy, in a petulant tone. 'Hold your tongue—hold your tongue, I tell you! You'll be saying next that you wouldn't accept of—well, let us say of a house and establishment like this, if you were not in love with the man who offered it.'

"'And I would not—indeed I would not! You need not believe me, Sir Geoffroy, but I assure you it is true!' I said earnestly.

"Something made my voice tremble and the tears come up into my eyes just then. I suppose I was thinking of Lance and of how dearly I loved him when we were first married—too well to ask or care if he had a penny in the world belonging to him. Sir Geoffroy, I am sure, began to look upon me as a natural curiosity. He stared at me so fixedly over his great gold-rimmed spectacles that I felt quite nervous and gave my eyes a very careful judicious dab. I was so dreadfully afraid lest the dark stuff I am obliged to put on my eyelashes to match my hair and eyebrows should have got smudgy with my tears, although, you know, it is warranted not to come off.

"'Well, I wouldn't recommend you to refuse such an offer if you get the chance,' he remarked shortly, after a slight pause; and then, without saying any more, he jumped up suddenly from where he was sitting and made a dive into a corner of the large desk where he kept his papers, which I had left standing open with the keys still hanging in the lock.

"There must have been a secret drawer in one of the compartments, I suppose, for in a minute he came back with something tied to a bow of faded blue ribbon, which he put into my hand. It was a small oval miniature, mounted like a locket in just a rim of old-fashioned coppery gold. It represented a young girl in a white muslin gown, with a blue sash, and her hair gathered in curls on the top of her head. Jackie, my heart actually stood still as I looked at it; the room seemed to whirl round with me, and for a minute the miniature—nay, Sir Geoffrey himself—actually faded into a mist; it was my own mother's portrait that I held.

"A larger one, which you must remember well, and from which no doubt this was taken, hangs now in my bedroom at the cottage. There was no mistaking it, evening if her maiden name, 'Dorothy Heseltine,' had not been traced in tiny gilt letters on the back of the glass, with a curl of chestnut hair, so like my own that it might just have been cut from my head, arranged in a true lovers' knot beneath. So Sir Geoffrey Tresham was the rich lover whom my poor mother forsook years ago to marry my father. After this, who shall say that truth is not stranger far than fiction?

"'Here is a picture of a woman who thought as you profess to think and who acted as I suppose you would act in the same circumstances.' In my agitation, which I was struggling with all my might to subdue, it seemed to me though I could hear Sir Geoffrey's voice talking to some one else a long distance off. She threw me over to marry a poor beggar of a Devonshire parson. Friends dropped her from that hour, of course; never heard of her since—went under, I suppose. So much for love in a cottage. Why, hallo! Faint—oh? Bless my soul! Here, I'll open the window!'

"He bustled across the room and flung open the casement, alarmed at my silence and increasing pallor. Fortunately, the breath of icy wind that entered the warm room with a rush braced my nerves at once.

"'It is nothing, sir; I am perfectly well, I assure you. I did feel a sensation of faintness for an instant, but it has passed away completely.'

"I took up my pen again with a firm hand and dipped it into the ink. Not for worlds would I have broken down then, and, besides, my courage quickly revived.

"A terrible dread that Sir Geoffrey by some unknown means had fathomed my secret and had taken this round-about way of telling me so soon died away. It was evident that his suspicions were not roused in the least degree; and really the poor old man was kindness itself to me, sending for wine and biscuits and pouring out a glass for me when it was brought. I wondered, as I sipped it, what he would say if he knew he was ministering to the wants of the woman who, besides being the wife of the nephew whose marriage with a wealthy heiress he so ardently desired, was also the daughter of the girl who had jilted him in his youth for a poor lover for whose sake, scoff at her as he might now, he had at any rate remained a bachelor all his days.

"It was an untold relief when a summons arrived for him on some business in the steward's room, and he bustled away, leaving me in silence and solitude at last. It was difficult enough to fix my attention on my work when he was gone, I can tell you. I kept wondering whether the extraordinary coincidence of his having known, and I suppose loved, my mother after a fashion in days gone by, would make him more or less bitter against me if he ever came to know I was Lance's wife.

"Mother's pale fair face—you know I can just remember her before she died, although I was such a little child—seemed to fit constantly before me, and her pretty name, Dorothy, to be written on every page, all jumbled up somehow with the long words that Lance had been making game of a few minutes ago. But I persevered with what I had to do, nevertheless; the task I have undertaken must be accomplished, if possible; and I wrote on without once raising my head, until I heard the clock on the mantelpiece chime the half hour past one, and soon afterwards my friend Rachel made her appearance with a well-furnished luncheon tray.

"From her, as she lingered to gossip under pretence of poking the fire, I gleaned certain items of news interesting to me respecting the movements of the household. First, that the present house-party assembled at the Park would disperse on the following Saturday, with the exception of Miss Carstairs, who had come for a month certain, and Captain Tresham, who was supposed to remain till Christmas; that a fresh relay of visitors were expected to assemble during the ensuing week, and that one new guest would arrive that afternoon who would in all probability remain for some time.

"'The master's very fond of Mr. Seldon; he's always travelling off to outlandish parts, and making books about what he's seen when he comes back,' explained my informant. 'The last one that was printed was sent down to him while he was staying here; and, my; the savages in it made one's flesh creep to look at! I dare say you'll soon make acquaintance with him, miss, for he's a good bit in the library writing when he's in the house. It'll be more cheerful for you, won't it, to have a bit of company now and then?'

"As you may suppose, my dear Jack, I did not think so, and registered then and there an inward vow that, if Mr. Seldon invaded my territories often, I should transfer my manuscript-copying to my own little sitting-room forthwith; but I judged it wiser to express no opinion one way or another to Rachel, and made some ambiguous answer which I think she hardly heard, as she rattled the fire-irons about and finally disappeared, carrying off my tray with her.

"All the afternoon I persevered steadily with my work; no one came to interrupt me. I had rather counted on a second visit from Sir Geoffrey, but probably he had other claims on his time and attention. Once, going to the window to relieve an aching in the back of my neck from long stooping over my writing, I caught sight of him in his broad felt hat, and with his sturdy legs buttoned into gaiters, gesticulating wildly in the middle of one of the paths crossing the turf of the park, and swinging a stout ash-stick so near the head of his companion, who looked like a steward or farm-bailiff, that I expected to see the man struck to the earth before my very eyes. Evidently the Pre-historic Days of Creamshire had no place in the thoughts of the owner of Tresham just then.

"The winter afternoon passed rapidly; quite a pile of closely-written foolscap lay at my left hand. If I gain nothing else by coming here, at any rate my twenty-five pounds will be easily earned before the month is out. It was just after Rachel had brought my tea and lighted the lamps in the library that Mr. Seldon came strolling in, with a shabby portfolio and a blotting-pad under his arm, and a sort of familiar 'ami de la maison' air that would have puzzled me excessively had I not been prepared for it.

"As it was, I had rather the advantage of him, for he evidently thought I must have dropped from the clouds; and, by the time I had explained the reason of my presence in as few words as possible, I had made up my mind that he would be no interruption to my work whatever. To describe him in half a dozen words, my dear. He is simply the very biggest and the most silent man I have ever met in my life. He has an ugly intelligent face, a great scar across his forhead—where I suppose some savage tried to tomahawk him—and the softest sweetest voice imaginable. If——

"I was forced to break off suddenly in my letter yesterday. Sir Geoffroy has an attack of lumbago which confines him to his dressing-room, and sent for me to go and read the daily papers, electors, to him. No time for more. Shall take the opportunity of a spare hour to hasten over to Brierly with this. A million kisses to my darling! Don't let him forget me.

"C. T."

CHAPTER VII.

WE might have the 'Black Brunswicker' for one. I know where to put my hand on a man who can do the uniform to a T; and that satin gown you wore the other night will be splendid for the lady, Polly, if you have the flowers taken off it. Let's see—this is something like the attitude, isn't it? I'll send to town for a big photograph; we're sure to get it all correct then." And Captain Lancelot Tresham rose from the depths of luxurious arm-chair in which he had been reposing, and bent his handsome close-cropped head in close proximity to Miss Carstairs' dark coils of hair, as she stood, clad in a splendid Worth costume of rifle-green cloth and velvet, on the Turkey rug in front of the breakfast-room fire.

A fresh house party at Tresham Park had succeeded the two or three days of comparative quiet that had reigned after the departure of Lady Louise Grant, Mrs. Trevor, et cetera. Once again the hospitable doors of the old mansion had been thrown open, the guests' chambers filled, the servants worked off their legs—to use their own expression—and the whole large establishment strained to its utmost extent to provide entertainment for a host of new arrivals.

Unfortunately the weather, which during the week of the first November shooting-party had been particular propitious, was now wretched. The early frost broke up and was succeeded by a depressing period of fog, drizzle, and wet south-westerly gales that rendered it impossible for women, at any rate, to find any amusement out of doors, and severely taxed Miss Lavinia Tresham's energies as a hostess to discover any fresh pastime wherewith to occupy her guests.

As a last resource tableaux vivants were suggested by some idler, desperate, like the rest, with the desire to kill time; and, the idea having "caught on," according to Miss Carstairs, who rather prided herself on her knowledge of the American vernacular, all the artistic taste and experience of the assembled company were brought to bear upon arranging a series of representations as nearly resembling the original subjects from which they were taken as ingenuity and an unlimited supply of smart theatrical costumes and accessories ordered from London could produce at a short notice.

As usual, where amateurs are concerned, more than half the time was wasted in endless disputes as to the distribution of the various characters, and objections on the part of all to accept whatever role was assigned to them. Lancelot Tresham and Miss Carstairs, in their position as joint-managers of the whole concern, found their office no sinecure; and, while Lance, with his customary indolence, invariably shrugged his shoulder and walked off with his hands in his pockets rather than be bored by a discussion with any one, Polly took the matter with a high hand and turned a resolutely deaf ear to the complaints of the disaffected.

"Oh, nonsense about the 'Black Brunswicker!' For goodness' sake, don't suggest any fresh subject until we have settled who is to take all the parts in the scenes we have chosen already!" she exclaimed, impatiently running her eye down a formidable list she held in her hand, and tapping her lips with the gold pencil case from her chatelaine. "Now, then, scenes from Cinderella. We are to have two, aren't we? Or are there three? Scene 1, Cinderella sitting alone by the fire. Cinderella, Miss Lindsay."

"No, indeed! exclaimed a tall fair girl in gray velvet, with an elaborate coiffure, occupied just then in balancing a piece of sugar on her pug's black nose. "I can't take Cinderella, Polly; she must have her hair down, and Elsie is always three-quarters of an hour doing mine up properly, if——"

"Oh, well, never mind; it doesn't matter! Elsie will take it," said Miss Carstairs, hastily writing away. "Cinderella sitting alone by the fire."

"Little Polly Flinders, sitting in the cinders,
Warming her ten little toes."

"Do be quiet, Captain Tresham! Cinderella, Miss Elsie Manners. Now second scene—Cinderella and her fairy godmother."

"Oh, I'll be that! It'll suit me down to the ground," lisped Major Bryant, one of the men from the cavalry barracks at Crossford, staying in the house and a devoted admirer "pro tem," of smart little Elsie Manners. "I can wear a sugar-loaf hat, don't you know, and a wed cloak and wide a goose, and——"

"You won't need to ride a goose, I think," remarked the stage manager severely. "Godmother, Miss Sibyl Gresley, Lady Gresley's little girl. Perhaps, Major Bryant, you might like to play the prince in the third scene, if Mr. Grey would change with you?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do! Why, I only wired to May for a dress last night!" cried Charlie Grey, a young barrister, whose father, General Grey, owned a large estate adjoining the Tresham property, and passed his life in a series of violent squabbles with Sir Geoffrey respecting a certain bit of waste land a few yards square at the end of an outlying field, known as Pickotty's Piece, which both claimed as their own, and which was perpetually being fenced in and appropriated first by one disputant and then the other. "Now, Miss Manners, I appeal to you. Is there anything particularly suggestive of a fairy prince in Bryant's appearance that I should be called upon to give up my place to him?"—with a derisive glance at Bryant's somewhat heavy proportions.

"Oh, as to that, I suppose there might be fairy princes of all sorts—tall and short, fat and lean!" pertly rejoined Miss Manners, a vivacious little brunette, with "retrousse" nose and a pair of mischievous brown eyes.

"I'll tell you a part in 'Cinderella,' though, that will suit you exactly, Mr. Grey—you ought to be one of the wicked sisters. Miss Carstairs says we must have two boys for them, because there are not ladies enough, and your face is so nice and smooth," said the Major, with a provoking drawl, which raised a burst of laughter at once amongst the assembled community, young Grey's girlish complexion and appearance, and his own annoyance thereat, being well known to many of those present.

"Never mind, Grey. Try Mrs. Allen's world-famed restorer!" suggested Lance consolingly.

"How can you restore what there isn't? That American stuff that makes the hair grow on old deal boxes would be ever so much better!" remarked Polly cruelly. "Now, please, be serious everbody, or we shall never have done. Cinderella is settled then. I shall be one proud sister, and Lady Gresley has promised to stand for the other. Now for the Shakesperian scenes. 'Romeo and Juliet'—Balcony scene."

"'Arise, fair moon!'" exclaimed young Grey, seizing a large brass card tray and raising it aloft to represent that luminary, thereby scattering a perfect shower of notes, papers, and cards broadcast over every one.

"Juliet—Miss Lindsay. "You'll play that, won't you?" asked Miss Carstairs.

"Trust Clare—of course she will!" whispered Miss Manners aside to Major Bryant. "It wasn't her hair, but her feet, that made her refuse Cinderella! Of course if one wears 'fives'"—with a suggestive glance through her eyelashes at her own little tan shoe.

"Juliet—Miss Lindsay," continued Polly conscientiously scribbling away. "Romeo—who will be Romeo? I suppose it must be you, Captain Tresham"—glancing half absently at Lance, who was leaning back in his chair, playing an imaginary serenade on a mammoth ivory paper-knife, and whistling the opening bars of an operatic air under his breath. "Or"—rather hesitatingly—"there is Mr. Seldon; perhaps he would not—unless he despises all this sort of thing as too frivolous," she added banteringly, looking over her shoulder towards a distant window, where the individual she addressed loomed gigantic in a heather-mixture shooting-coat, busily engaged in scanning the columns of the Times.

He laid the paper aside at once however on hearing his name mentioned and advanced towards the chattering group gathered round the fire.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Carstairs. I believe you asked me a question, but I declare I don't know what it was. Private theatricals—tableaux, eh? Well," he said, with a grimace, "that sort of thing is not much in my line; but if you are in want of some one to play a navvy now, or a coalheaver——"

He spoke slowly; words never flowed over-glibly from Dick Seldon's lips. His very deliberateness of speech added to the impression of Herculean strength that his vast proportions and unusual height conveyed. Standing there in a ray of wintry sunlight that streamed through an adjacent window across his face, it was curious how, despite his plain features and a certain carelessness of dress more appertaining to a man of letters than a frequenter of London clubs and drawing-rooms, he placed the other men present—even Lancelot Tresham, handsome and well-bred as he was—at a certain disadvantage, as though belonging to less a manly and more effeminate race than himself.

"Go in for some Scriptural subjects, and cast Seldon for Samson. You'd make a grand Delilah, Polly," suggested Tresham lazily.

Something in his tone annoyed Miss Carstairs apparently, for she reddened and her brown eyes flashed ominously.

"I think I should prefer some more vulnerable subject to practice on," she began; but, before she could finish her sentence, she was seized by little Sibyl Gresley—a veritable enfant terrible—in a Library green velvet frock and gold colored sash, who burst suddenly through the circle and flung her arms vigorously round Polly's waist.

"I've done my French, and mother said I might come and listen to what you are talking about!" she exclaimed in her childish treble. "Oh, are you going to make a tableaux of Samson, Polly, and cut poor Mr. Seldon's hair? What fun—only she was a horrid mean thing to take him in so—Delilah, I mean, and"—with a disparaging look at Seldon's closely-cropped—"he hasn't much hair, has he? He'd have to wear a wig like——"

"Hold your tongue, Sibyl," broke in Lady Gresley, a well-dressed woman, got up to look ten years younger than her age, and living in perpetual dread of the sharp eyes and sharper tongue of her precocious little eight-year-old-daughter.

Miss Sibyl however contented herself by sidling on to Seldon's knee as he seated himself upon an adjacent sofa, and whispering the remainder of her confidences into his ear.

"Mother needn't have been afraid; I wasn't going to say anything about her new little frizzy curls," she remarked candidly. "But I do believe Miss Hayward—Sir Geoffroy's secretary—does wear——"

"Why, As You Like It has been settled from the first," broke in Lance Tresham's voice at this juncture, interrupting Sibyl's mysterious communications. "Yourself, Rosalind in disguise, meeting me, as Orlando, in the forest. It will be one of the best tableaux of the lot, and the dresses are perfect. Scumble promised me he'd run down from town and paint a back-ground for it if we gave him a day or two's notice. I thought it was quite decided we were to have that. I can't have you backing out of everything at the last minute like this, Polly."

He spoke in a tone of implied proprietorship that caused the company assembled to glance from him to Miss Carstairs and exchange meaning looks. She herself gave a conscious little laugh and moved slightly away from him, as he rose and stood close beside her.

"You don't mean to deprive me of the privilege of changing my mind, surely? All women claim that as a right, don't they, Mr. Seldon?" she said, with a swift glance at Dick, of which he was quite unconscious, Sibyl having obligingly intercepted it by flourishing her mane of fair hair within an inch or two of his nose.

"Well, yes, so they say. Rather a convenient prerogative when one has been inclined to do anything ill-advised and thinks better of it," he answered brusquely.

Lancelot Tresham laughed, and it was not a pleasant laugh.

"Polly, there's one for you!" he said, in rather a sneering tone. "When you are in want of a Mentor, you'll know where to apply. The palace of Truth was nothing to Seldon. I'll warrant he'd tell you he disapproved of your playing 'Rosalind' now if you were to ask him."

"I don't doubt it; but then, you see, I'm not going to ask him, or any one for that matter," retorted Miss Carstairs defiantly. "Of course I intend to play in As You Like It, Captain Tresham. Elsie will make a charming Celia, and I will write and order my dress at once."

"As You Like It? Oh, I know! That's what we saw at Garden House when the Prince and Princess were there!" exclaimed Sibyl excitedly. "It's such fun where Rosalind puts on boy's clothes, I think; only"—doubtfully—"Polly is very tall for a boy, isn't she? Her le——"

"Sibyl, be silent, or leave the room at once!" exclaimed poor Lady Gresley, turning red and frowning at her tormentor.

An irresistible burst of laughter followed the child's interrupted sentence, and, under cover of it, Seldon put her off his knee and left the breakfast-room.

His steps turned instinctively in the direction of the library. It was where, when not out shooting, he passed most of his time, being just then in constant receipt of the proofs of a new book, the result of his late experience amongst some of the savage tribes in North America, which his publishers almost daily forwarded to him for correction. As he crossed the hall, a footman, carrying the contents of a newly-arrived post-bag on a large silver tray, met him and handed him his letters.

There were three—one begging for a donation to a children's hospital; another from the steward of his own small place in Norfolk asking when some necessary repairs to three or four cottages were to be begun, and enclosing the architect's estimate for the same; the third, closely written and bulky, came from a friend of the same roving proclivities as Seldon himself, pressing him to accompany an expedition to the interior of Africa, to be undertaken as soon as the necessary funds could be guaranteed and the party made up.

The writer pleaded for a speedy reply, and added that, should Seldon feel disposed to add his name to the list of those anxious to join, his immediate presence in town was almost a matter of necessity, as many important subjects had to be discussed that could not be satisfactorily dealt with in writing.

The letter altogether caused a complete revolution in Seldon's mind. He was a man as deliberate of action as of speech; to do anything in a hurry was an impossibility to him. Everything disagreeable that had ever happened to him in his life had been caused by hanging back too long rather than acting too hastily. Captain Moberley's epistle, coming unexpectedly as it did, quite bewildered him. Had it been on any other subject in the world but that contained in its pages, he would have set all its propositions aside unhesitatingly.

Richard Seldon had accepted Sir Geoffroy Tresham's invitation to join the shooting party at the Park with a certain purpose of his own in view, to which the the slaughtering of so many innocent creatures clad in fur or feathers was merely an accessory. That purpose had not as yet been accomplished—circumstances appeared to point strongly towards its being probably wiser to abandon it altogether; and yet, with the sort of bull-dog tenacity that was a leading characteristic of the man's nature, he clung desperately to the idea of carrying it out in spite of the odds being apparently against him. If he closed with Moberley's offer, cut his visit to Tresham short and departed that afternoon, he was virtually confessing himself beaten.

True, no one but himself would know of his defeat; but in his own eyes he would always feel humiliated; and yet, with the indomitable spirit of travel born in some men, his friend's unlooked-for invitation filled Seldon with a strange longing to close with it—to abandon for the twentieth time all the luxuries and refinements, and with them the restrictions and formalities, of civilized life, and to become once more the rough hunter, carrying his life in his hand; and wholly dependent on his own dexterity for every meal he ate.

Full of doubt as to his decision, he slowly mounted the steep winding stairs leading to the library and entered the room. It was tenantless save for its accustomed occupant, Sir Geoffroy's secretary, who occupied her usual place at the great oak writing-table in the centre of the apartment, and was scribbling away indefatigably, with half-a-dozen huge books of reference open round her and a pile of foolscap at her side.

The sight of the slim black-robed figure in possession did not disturb Seldon at all. During the fortnight he had spent at the Park, he had grown accustomed to its constant and usually silent presence there, and, indeed, a sort of tacit friendliness had grown up between them, although they seldom exchanged a word, and by a sort of mutual unspoken consent, avoided any formal salutation of each other. On the present occasion he made his way at once to a davenport in one of the windows which was usually appropriated to his use; and, seating himself, folded his arms on the slanting leather top and proceeded to stare idly at the prospect without.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PALMISTRY.—At present the so-called science of palmistry is occupying the mind feminine in especial, and the mind male, too, of such of the stronger sex who hang about boudoirs. There has been a great deal written of late on the subject, both in separate publications and in periodicals.

As nothing has been made in vain, it is argued, why then should the lines of the human hand not bear some significance? It seems that chiromancy died out in the seventeenth century, when physiognomy usurped its place. It has, therefore, had time to present front as "something new" again.

Chiromancy discovers by the hand the constitution of bodies, the sufferings and sorrows of human life, and all things good or bad that may befall man or woman.

Chirognomy tells the dispositions, proclivities, characters, and occupations of those with whom we are thrown in contact by the mere actual shape of the hands, their outward appearances, and the impressions they give to the senses of vision and touch. But it is the former science—palmistry—that now obtains in social circles.

Hands are eagerly stretched out to some one learned in the art, and the readings intently listened to. The line of fate cuts up the centre of hand, and if this is broken in its course disaster is indicated. If it is faintly marked, obstacles and interruptions are certain. This is a plausibility in the science; at any rate, some strange hits are made.

EDWARD JONES, colored, aged 13 years, was in the Washington Police Court on lately for assaulting a little boy. Judge Miller heard the testimony of several witnesses and then passed sentence. "Big or little, old or young, white or black," said the Judge, "any person convicted of this offence will have to go to jail for 360 days," and that's what the boy got.

GUIDE—"This room, ladies and gentlemen, is the one in which the Duke of Guise was assassinated." Tourist—"Are you sure? A different room was shown to me when I called here three years ago." Guide—"That's easily explained, sir. You see, this part of the building was being repaired just about that time."

IN THE SHADOW.

BY POMPEY BANOE.

My lovely one, thou canst not be with me
In that dark hour when death shall claim his own;
Close by the brink of life's last misery,
We two shall part—for I must go alone.

No gentle hand to guide me through the gloom,
No smiling eyes and sweet, love-lisping tone,
To cheer the way that leadeth to the tomb—
For through the shadow I must walk alone.

In that dense shadow—ah! how strangely still—
But from my lips will not escape a groan
To mar the quiet; noiseless through the chill
And haunted shadow I must pass alone.

Yet not all dreary will the journey seem;
One blessed thought will for all else atone;
For I shall know that by the dimpling stream
Thy love-lit eyes still watch me—though alone.

Linked, Not United.

BY A. T.

NO ONE could say they had separated! No one could even affirm that had quarreled! Casual acquaintances and intimate friends were alike unable to fathom the mystery of the distinct establishments, and the outwardly amicable terms which existed between Mr. and Mrs. Fabian Bayle.

And no one cared to question them closely—or indeed at all—on the subject. For she was the very embodiment of sweet dignity; and he was very much on the daily press, and so was not a good subject to irritate.

He, in his rooms in "The Albany," was surrounded by every comfort, every luxury, every condition that could conduce to easy writing. She, in her pretty villa residence out West Kensington way, looked the Genius of Repose when her friends would go for afternoon tea to her harmoniously-ordered nest of drawing-rooms. "And as for that woman having a care or an anxiety! no one could imagine for a moment she had either," these friends murmured to one another.

No one ever caught her idle or looking discontented, even when her half-dozen children were at school; and when these were at home, though they gave her a good deal of trouble sometimes, and upset some of the harmonies in her rooms, she always looked radiantly happy. Nevertheless, she was unhappy, though not in a soured or even severe way. And she was the victim of jealousy on account of the husband who lived so much apart from her, but not in the gnawing, carving, suspicious, despicable fashion in which jealousy generally manifests itself.

Even the people who troubled their heads least about the Fabian Bayle's affairs did wonder oftentimes how it was that "Bayle took so little notice of, and pride in, his children?" That graceful figured, dreamy-eyed, grave-browed girl of fifteen was one whom most men would have been proud to have proclaimed as daughter! And the five others, each charming after their kind, the boys bold and beautiful. "A fellow might well be contented to grow old with such a family springing up around him," Bayle's contemporaries said.

But this was just his trouble! Fabian Bayle, during the last two years, had not been at all well contented to "grow old," or even to look "middle-aged." And these children "dated" him so obnoxiously. He loved them dearly after his fashion, and spoilt and indulged them to any extent on his rare visits to the West Kensington villa. But he still felt such a young man! and away from them he still looked such a young man! And how could any girl with a soul be expected to sympathise with the father of a family, two or three of whom were as tall as herself?

Yes. This was the secret of it. Fabian Bayle at forty-three, after long years of married content and paternal satisfaction, had fallen in with a "a girl with a soul," for whose future well-being he held himself responsible.

The poor girl was quite unconscious of being in possession of any soul at all, according to his acceptation of the word. She was the niece of an old school and college friend of Fabian Bayle's, and her uncle had left her and her few hundreds a year to the guardianship of Bayle, simply because he believed Bayle to be too unpractical ever to worry, advise, or in any way interfere with the little niece, in whose prudence he (the uncle) had unlimited confidence.

She looked like a picture by Poynter. Her length of limb made every uncomfortable, esthetic attitude come easy to her, and after a few visits to the Royal Academy, she posed as well as any of the proficients before any picture in which yellow-haired, pointed-nosed, square-chinned damsels were prominent. And she was delighted to have Mr. Bayle to point out fancied resemblances to her between herself and any of the Atalantas, Helens and Ladies of Shalot of the year. But beyond this, and being glad to hear from what was going on in the (to her) sacred circle of art, literature, and the drama, she merely regarded him as a middled-age fogey, and laughed to herself, in her quiet way, at the fond delusion he entertained of being her late uncle's junior!

She was only twenty, and he was forty-three, and had a tall slip of a daughter of fifteen, at whom other men would soon be casting sheep's eyes! But for all that he told himself that she, this Vere Grenfell, "was the real love," the true soul companion of his life," the "only one that listened to him with sympathetic appreciation and understanding;" whereas all the time she had thought him a "nice, good-natured old thing," just as she had thought her uncle, and really wished and longed to know the wife and children of whom he would never speak.

The girl led a very dull life in reality, and her guardian described it to himself, and in prose and verse under transparent veils in the public poem. She lived with an ancient cousin, who disapproved of everything which she did not understand, and who understood so very few things besides keeping a house tidy and making excellent tea.

Mr. Bayle did not know, or rather wouldn't let himself believe, that the girl's glad greeting of him whenever he came, was simply the greeting she would have bestowed on any creature, man or beast, who came to relieve the tedium and monotony of her existence. During her uncle's life she had seen a good deal of Southsea and Jersey life, and it was revolting to her nature now to be mewed up with an elderly lady in a dreary West Central square.

So she always hailed her guardian's visits rapturously, fondly hoping that each one was but the forerunner of some pleasant scheme of gaiety, which (she felt in that innermost soul of hers that he thought was a "responding" to him) either he or his wife ought really to project for her!

But is was part of the fictitious romance which Fabian Bayle would play all to himself, that he should keep this "Ideal" love apart from the dear woman who really reigned in his heart, and was the mother of his children. It annoyed him that Miss Grenfell shouldn't be satisfied with his society and find it all in all. So he ignored her clumsy, thoroughly girlish little attempts to make him understand "how much she wished to know Mrs. Bayle."

But his vanity soon smoothed down his annoyance! He told himself that everything connected with him naturally possessed a subtle charm for this girl, who "understood him so well." And on the strength of this bit of self reassurance he would proceed to read to her his latest verses, or story, and she—hoping that soon he would introduce her to people who would amuse her ever-so-much more—would listen with an air of wrapt attention, in a beautiful "Poynter" attitude, with dreamy eyes!

Flesh is weak! especially bards' flesh! The way this girl (for her own innocent ends) listened to him, and what she looked like while she listened, made him feel younger than ever!

Why had he, sixteen years before, been weak enough to "throw himself away" in marriage with a girl who since then had had the extreme ill-taste to develop into a woman of about his own age? His "own age!" Pooh! Nonsense! Men were proverbially younger for their years than women. Here was he, "a young attractive man still" (he stole a glance at Vere Grenfell as he thought this, and misinterpreted the dreadful drowsiness from which the poor child was suffering for pathetic feeling) "tied to a woman who either laughed at his love-songs or didn't listen to them, and hampered by half-a-dozen sons and daughters who would insist upon 'growing up,' in spite of that look of 'Eternal Spring, with which he was endowed."

Two or three times he gave Miss Grenfell's cousin and herself a box or stall at a theatre, and on these occasions, though he always hovered about, he never went near the girl about whom he was trying to create a romance.

These evenings Vere enjoyed heartily—while she was at the theatre. But when they were going home she would remark flatly to her old cousin:

"Uncle always used to have it jolly to the end: we either went somewhere to supper, or he'd bring home people to supper with us."

To which the cousin would reply:

"My dear Vere, your poor Uncle was always thoughtless. Mr. Bayle is much more sensible; he says, 'keep our flower unfolded as long as we can.'"

(The ancient cousin's income was considerably increased by Vere's residence with her! Hence the beautiful coincidence between her views and Mr. Bayle's!)

"I wonder if he'll keep his own daughter back as he's keeping me." Vere sulked. "It's all very well saying he's my guardian and has my best interests at heart; but he does nothing for me, and I have been dutiful and good to him, indeed I have, because I promised Uncle I would be. I listen to miles that he has written, and I always sit like some picture I'm said to resemble while he's reading. And I never get anything in return. His wife never comes near me nor invites me."

"You ought not to expect your guardian—a man with solemn domestic interests at stake—to give up any of his time to introducing you to frivolity," the elderly cousin said severely.

"Then why does he waste such a lot of time in reading his verses and other bosh to me?" Vere cried. "Why doesn't he make his own daughter listen to it, if his wife won't? Oh, it is too bad! Just because I'm his ward, that he should have the power to bore me so."

"He is educating you for life's trials," the elderly cousin said with unconscious irony.

Meanwhile Mrs. Bayle was daily becoming more exercised in spirit concerning this "infatuation" of her husband's, of which guarded but still stinging rumors reached her from other people. Some of her friends would kindly suggest that "probably Mr. Bayle's time was greatly engrossed now by his duties towards his beautiful ward." And others, who knew Mrs. Bayle but had never seen Vere Grenfell, would ask "if she was not equally interested in, and fond of, the sweet girl who had been committed to her husband's care."

One night when, for a marvel, he was dining at home—at the home his wife inhabited—things seemed all to have gone crooked unfortunately. Mrs. Bayle's own cook had good home ill, and one that had been hastily improvised had initiated the dinner with greasy soup, and concluded it with a heavy omelette. The intermediate courses had been feeble, though not distinctly bad, and, poetically minded as he was, a badly cooked dinner always added to his sorrows.

"An extraordinary thing it is, dear, that just the two things I could have eaten if they had been decently cooked, should have been so vilely set forth to-day."

"You know I told you, Fabian, poor old cook has gone home to get rid of bronchitis, and the substitute can't manage soup or omelettes, that's evident, but it's not criminal."

"Not criminal, but deuced unpleasant," he grumbled. "I don't know how it is, Lena, but whenever I drop in unexpectedly to dinner at Miss Wyburn's, I find everything as perfectly ordered, and as exquisitely cooked and served, as if I had been expected."

"Perhaps you are expected," his wife replies drily, for Miss Wyburn is Vere Grenfell's elderly cousin.

"Now that's a very nasty thing to say, Lena," he says peevishly, but in reality he is delighted. It is a fit and proper tribute to his manifold attractions as a surpassingly sweet singer, and surprisingly young looking man.

"It's not meant 'nasty,' I assure you, Fabian; it's only meant to show you that I as well as other people am aware of the folly which makes you—the father of a nearly grown up daughter—haunt a young girl, to her detriment and your own."

"Your speech is an insult to me, and an even fouler one to the girl, who is far too saintly minded for you to understand. When next I look upon her pure Madonna face——"

He paused, checked by a laugh from his wife.

"Pray pardon me, Fabian, I very rarely quote poetry at you, do I? but two lines of Alfred Austin's rushed into my mind as you spoke:

"But prize you woman's honor,
Pray don't begin by calling her 'Madonna!'"

"This is too much for any fellow to stand," Fabian Bayle cried, working himself into a fury rapidly; "here I—an overworked pressman with my mind teeming with beautiful thoughts and feelings, that will sing themselves though I've little time to write them—come home for a few hours' rest, and what am I met with? Sour soup, deadly silence during dinner, and fierce reproaches."

"I plead guilty to the sour soup and the deadly silence; perhaps I suffered from them quite as much as you did; that you have met with 'fierce reproaches' I deny; the time is past for 'reproaches,' Fabian."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that our children are too old for us to degrade ourselves by useless recrimination. I mean that your eldest daughter is old enough for me to feel intimidated before her, lest she should learn through me, her mother, how contemptible her father is making himself."

"You're feverishly jealous," he said scornfully; "it's natural to me to love and worship the loveliest things that cross my life-path. This girl is one of them. I am ennobled by having come in contact with her. She is my inspiration! She feels with and understands me."

There was a sound of rush and excitement in the hall, and presently the drawing-room door opened and a golden-haired girl leapt into the room.

"Mother mine, I've come home because the measles broke out in the school this afternoon, and the Sisters thought you'd rather have me home. Ethel's got them, but very slightly, and——"

"Flo, my darling child, don't you see me?" her father interrupted.

"Oh! Papa, you are here? that is nice; you'll stay to-night, and to-morrow take me to Corney Grain's—you will, won't you? because, you see, Ethel has the measles, and I haven't!—that's a good reason, isn't it? Oh! and Papa, have you heard? you know Miss Wyburn has a niece at our school, and she came to take her away to-day, because of the measles, and she's in awful distress, poor old thing, frightened out of her life about what you will say. Your ward, Miss Grenfell, has eloped with one of the young men at Shoolbred's, and——"

"Come and take off your hat and cloak, Flo," her mother said, "we'll come back and talk to Papa, presently."

It was a bitter cup, but a very efficacious one! The possibility of there being "a young man from Shoolbred's" in the background, will deter Mr. Fabian Bayle from reading his own poetry to Madonna-faced young ladies for some time to come.

Keep It Dark.

BY E. H.

CAN you come down and act for me?" said Jack Lester, reading a portion of a letter addressed to him by an old friend, Herbert Ransom.

"I suppose I must oblige him," he added after a moment's reflection; "I have nothing particular to do, and she, the lovely girl I met down there, may fall across my path again. Pshaw! what right has a telegraph clerk to think of marrying? When my aunt turns up—I mustn't be irreverent—I mean when she goes to her rest, I may come into a good thing. Yes; I'll go and spend New Year's Eve at Hurryup station, just to oblige old Herbert."

"So much obliged, old boy," said Ransom, as he shook hands with his friend on the platform, and led the way to the telegraph office. "You won't have much to do, and can shut up early. You know my diggings, and can make yourself comfortable till I return."

"Happy fellow," thought Jack Lester, as he spread his hands before the blazing fire; "he's going to meet his lady-love, while I am still unloved. Ah me! I've got a heart capable of loving anybody of the gentler sex to distraction, but nobody eligible has turned up as yet. I danced at Rosherville with a lovely creature, and got quite spoons upon her. But faugh! how the recollection makes me shudder; she, the graceful budding rose, with gazelle like eyes and golden hair, turned out a cat's meat man's daughter, up Seven Dials way."

He took up a comic paper to while away the time, but somehow his thoughts were too bent upon the serious to beguiled by the periodical in question, or any other of its class, for that matter.

Rising, he hummed the air of that ever popular ballad, "Her bright smile haunt as

me still," and then fell into a soliloquy.

"I can't get her face or smile out of my mind," he muttered. "We met, it was at a stile; she was embarrassed, I came to the rescue. A 'thank you' from her ruby lips, a ditto from her speaking eyes, and she vanished up a green lane, leaving me desolate."

These thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a message, which he read with no little astonishment.

"Mr. Kitten, Hookum, to Mr. Kite, 3A., Ketchup street, Hurryup—White Elephant en route, will arrive by the Flying Dustman; keep it dark, all right."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Jack Lester, disbelieving the evidence of his own senses; "a white elephant, and another animal called 'Keep It Dark.' I suppose the creatures are to be exhibited on New Year's Day. Ah! there go the bells. I wonder if my adored one is listening to them and thinking of the stylish stranger; no, I mean the stranger of the stile."

Having copied the telegram on an official form, and entered at the foot the time he had received it, and leaving a companion who had just arrived in charge, he put on his ulster, and hurried out to deliver the message, glad of the run.

The person to whom the telegram was sent was evidently a person of note, to be the proprietor of a white elephant, and Jack Lester was rather eager to get a squint at such an exalted personage.

"This is Ketchup street, I know," he muttered, "and there's a light in the window over there; they seem a lot of sleepy heads in these parts, not to stay awake to welcome the new year."

There was not sufficient light from the stars to reveal the numbers, so he ran his fingers over the shape, and said:

"No. 3 for a certainty, but where the 'A' is, I can't say; fell off, I suppose. This must be the right shop, there's a light in the window."

He gave two sharp raps at the door, and saw the window open cautiously above, and a head appear.

"Is that you, Jack?" asked a woman's voice.

"She evidently knows me," he thought, and just for a lark he answered, "Yes, dear."

But he was sorry the next moment when fully a gallon of icy cold water was poured out of that window, and went over him, whilst a waspish voice said:

"I'll teach you to stay out late again, my fine fellow."

He knocked again indignantly, and the window was once more opened.

"What about the white elephant, and keep it dark?" he asked wrathfully.

"Drat you, and your white elephant!" was the ungracious reply, as the window began to descend.

"Hi! are you Mrs. Kite?" he bawled.

"No; be off, or I'll send for the police."

"I have a telegram for No. 3A., Ketchup street."

"Next door. Why didn't you say so before?" and down went the window with a bang.

In no very good temper Jack Lester rapped next door, when a light appeared in the bedroom, and was followed by a head appearing through the window. A man's, this time.

"Telegram for Mr. Kite," said Jack.

"All right; I'll be down in a minute."

The door was placed ajar, and a hand was thrust forth, into which he put the telegram.

"Well," thought Lester, as the door was closed in his face, "he takes it coolly, considering the white elephant will arrive by the mail-train. I must ask him what's to be done with it."

Rap, rap; and through the keyhole came the remonstrance:

"Hillos! What's the matter?"

"The white elephant, sir. Where's it to go?" he replied through the same orifice.

A laugh, sarcastic, almost fiendish, and these words:

"Tell the station-master," was the only result of his anxious inquiries.

"Cool," thought Lester, "to saddle other people with the trouble about the beast. He'll have to pay dearly for it, though. Ugh! isn't it cold after that shower-bath. I'll just mix myself a glass of steaming hot grog, and then knock the station-master up."

"A white elephant, did you say," asked that individual, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Yes. Will arrive by the Flying Dustman, together with an animal called Keep It Dark."

"Bless my soul! we must see to it, Mr. Lester. Do you know anything about the management of elephants?"

"No, sir; except that they are fond of buns and nuts. I have seen them drink ale and stout by the gallon, though."

"Extraordinary. What am I to do?" said the thoroughly wide-awake official. "I must send for all the porters, and get some thick ropes in readiness. I presume there is a keeper with it?"

"I think so. His name is Mr. Kitten."

"Just let me see a copy of the telegram, will you, so that we make no mistake."

Lester gave it to him.

"That settles it. The train will be here within an hour. No time to lose," was the prompt rejoinder, and taking down a book from a shelf, he added: "Just make a few notes about the animal's habits, etc., in case he may be left on our hands. I'll see that the porters are summoned."

"But what about the other fellow, Keep It Dark?" asked Lester officiously, alive to the importance of not forgetting the elephant's companion.

"Oh, bother him, the white elephant is the chief thing to look after; the other's a chap that burrows in the earth, I should think by his name."

All the station staff were gathered together on the platform, among them Jack Lester, whose mind was full of the habits of elephants, thanks to his study of natural history.

"I'll get a good look at the brute," he thought; "it will save me a bob admission to the show, and I'll have something to talk about, besides, when I get back to London."

"Here she is," said the station-master eagerly, as the white lights of the mail train flashed into view. "Now, lads, get your tackle ready, and mind what you are about; elephants have tusks, you know."

"And a trunk and tail," put in Jack sagely, at which bit of erudite research the station-master nodded approvingly.

"Well, you see we are all ready," said the official, rubbing his hands as he addressed himself to the guard of the train.

"For what?" was the astonished rejoinder.

"The white elephant, and Keep It Dark, of course," said the station-master with dignity. "They were telegraphed to arrive by this train."

"It's a 'oax, then," said the guard, grinning, and then hearing a chorus of groans from the porters who had been called out of their beds, he fairly burst into laughter.

There was no mistake about it, no white elephant or other live stock arrived by the Flying Dustman, only one solitary passenger whom Jack Lester followed in sheer disgust, not caring to be bullied and chaffed by the irate station-master and his staff.

"By Jove! there's something mysterious going on," he thought, as he saw a figure glide out from behind some projection, and join the solitary passenger. "I'll wait and watch; perhaps, after all, the white elephant was only a password, known only to the initiated."

He saw them pass into Ketchup street, and let themselves in at 3A.

This fact further awakened his curiosity, and taking up a position where he could observe the house, he awaited further results.

He felt a grudge against Messrs. Kitten and Kite, and was angry with them for having unintentionally hoaxed him and others.

Within the hour, one figure left the house, and after looking warily about walked quickly down the street, but not in the direction of the railway station.

Jack Lester kept him in view, resolved to fathom the mystery, whatever it was, connected with the white elephant.

Several mansions standing in their own grounds lined the road after leaving the town of Hurryup.

Near one of these Jack lost sight of his man, nor could he regain the scent.

"Another mare's nest," he thought dejectedly; "a pretty beginning this for the new year, chasing, not wild geese, but a white elephant. However, I'll wait a little longer, and then if nothing happens I'll go to bed."

For fully half an hour he stayed loitering in the road, and was about leaving for his friend's lodgings, when he thought he heard a piercing scream.

He listened; it was repeated, this time louder than before.

Vaulting, and half scrambling over a wall, he ran as fast as he could towards the house from whence the scream proceeded, and finding the door open, entered, just in time to aid a young lady who was struggling with a burglar.

A well-directed blow knocked the fellow down, and the girl fell fainting to the floor.

The servants rushed in, followed by the master of the mansion, when, to Jack Lester's astonishment, and no little dismay, the burglar, who had picked himself up, said, pointing to him:

"Take that man into custody; I heard the young lady scream as I was passing, and luckily was only just in time to save her from being murdered. He used violence to me. Look at the side of my face how it's bruised."

"My dear kind sir, how can I sufficiently reward you?" said the grateful father, shaking the wily burglar by the hand.

"By taking care of him until I can fetch the police," was the prompt reply, and with that he seized his portmanteau and hurried off.

It was in vain that Jack Lester protested his innocence, no one believed him, and had he ventured to attempt resistance he must have suffered, for each servant was armed with the handy weapon he or she could seize, in the shape of pokers, shovels, toasting-forks, frying-pans, and so on.

To add to Jack's mortification, he recognized the young lady he had saved as the same one he had helped over the stile, and whose lovely image had haunted him ever since.

However, when she recovered from her faint, she cleared Jack's character, and he was promptly released.

It was discovered that the burglar had robbed the mansion of plate, jewlery, etc., to a large amount, and had made off with his booty.

But the police, owing to the description given them by Jack and Alice Seamore, tracked down the confederates.

Jack's aunt died soon afterwards, and before New Year came round again he was married to Alice.

Neither of them was sorry that such good fortune had come to them from "A White Elephant."

WHALEBONE.—Owing to this discovery and extended use of petroleum on the one hand, and the multiplied ways of utilizing whalebone on the other, the latter substance has become the most valuable instead of the least valuable of the property of whale-fishing. America has the lion's share of the whalebone industry. The principal application of whalebone now is that of making whips and corsets. Steel has mostly displaced whalebone in umbrellas and parasols.

Some years ago umbrella ribs were made in France of an excellent imitation of whalebone (not distinguishable, indeed, till fractured), but it is no longer heard of. Genuine whalebone is often made white, and used with garments of muslins or the like, not being seen through these so easily as the dark sort.

The newest application of whalebone is that to hats; it is cut into fine strips and interlaced with straw. Such hats are very dear. Another novelty is "whalebone ribbon." For this, white bone is generally used, and the shaving is so thin that ordinary print can be read through it. It is oftened colored blue, red or green, and used by saddlers in making rosettes. Walking sticks of whalebone are also in good demand.

The exceptionally thick strips cut for this purpose are rounded by being drawn through holes in a steel plate. Billiard-pads of whalebone must be very smooth, and cut of a certain exact thickness. Fishing-rods are made of two carefully-worked strips of whalebone, with thick silk thread wound round them.

Penholders and other small articles are made of whalebone at the lathe. The hair cut off the raw whalebone was formerly used for brushes, but it is now mostly replaced by other materials. It is largely crisped and used as a filling for mattresses. This list by no means exhausts the uses of whalebone, which is continually being applied in new ways.

HE HAD A LIMIT.—The dude was visiting the penitentiary, accompanied by an official and a newspaper man, and the party were talking to one of the prisoners.

"Have a cigarette?" said the dude as they were about to depart, offering him a package.

"Much obliged," responded the prisoner shaking his head. "I've stole houses, and robbed chicken roosts, and broke into houses, and killed a man or two and had four or five wives, and made counterfeit money, but I never smoked cigarettes, and, heaven helpin' me, I never will. So long," and the cell door went to with a bang as pronounced as the one the dude wore in his hair.

"Did you give Johnny the medicine, Mrs. Brown?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes, doctor," replied the loving mother; and then she added innocently: "And it don't seem to have done him the least harm."

Scientific and Useful.

CANNED FRUITS.—A chemist advises that canned fruits and vegetables should be opened an hour or two before being used. In this way they become richer, the oxygen of the air driven off at a time of sealing being restored to them.

THE BICYCLE.—A Scotch inventor, living near Aberdeen, has patented "an attachment for keeping a bicycle in an upright position, whether the machine be in motion or not, controlled by the rider whether he be on or off the machine."

PAPER TEETH.—Among the many remarkable inventions at the late paper exhibit at Berlin was a set of paper teeth, which were made in 1878 by a Lubeck dentist. They have been in constant use for over 14 years and are in first class condition.

LUMBER DRYING.—One of the latest applications of the heating properties of electricity is to the drying of lumber for planing purposes. At a large mill in Ottawa, Canada, this method has been tested with such gratifying results that a number of electric drying kilns are now being erected.

ECHO CORNETS.—In an operatic performance in Paris the cornets are fitted with a new echo apparatus, which differs from those hitherto devised in not altering the natural tone of the instrument. It is simply a small chamber of silvered copper so constructed as to produce the echo when adjusted to the mouth of the trumpet.

BUSINESS LOCK.—An ingenious lock has been devised for use in business houses and offices where absolute privacy is desired. By simply turning an electric switch, placed close at hand, the occupant of the room may instantly admit a person, as quickly lock the door on his egress, without leaving his chair.

WHITE BREAD.—To the exclusive use of white bread Sir James Crichton-Browne attributes the prevailing decay in teeth. As fluorine is necessary to good teeth, and as this is a characteristic feature of the discarded portions of the wheat not used in making white flour, the learned gentleman sees no hope in the way of teeth for the future generations except by a return to the general consumption of bread made from whole wheat flour.

Farm and Garden.

VARIETY.—By feeding a variety of food the expenses may be lessened. Even straw is an excellent food when cut fine, and then fed in connection with ground grain and linseed meal.

POSTS.—It is claimed that mulberry trees make durable posts. As the mulberry is a quick-growing tree this advantage in its favor of serving as posts should not be overlooked in planting trees for future use.

PROFITS.—The surest way to make a profit is to keep down the cost. There should be no hesitation in procuring that which is needed, but waste should not be allowed. The cost may be lessened by doing all work at the proper time and by the use of the best implements.

SKIM MILK.—Dairymen are advocating the feeding of skim milk to cows. Some cows will reject it unless it is added to the ground grain ration. It is doubtful if it pays to feed it to cows if there are young pigs on the farm, as no food will force pigs so rapidly in growth as skim milk.

GARDENS AND PATIENCE.—Nothing teaches patience like a garden. All have to wait for the fruits of the earth. You may go round and watch the opening bud from to-day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive. Each year does a work that nothing but a year can do. "Learn to labor and to wait" is one of the best lessons of a garden. All that is good takes time, and comes only by growth.

IT IS BUT WRETCHED POLICY to allow yourself to drift into an incurable disease by neglecting the earliest and most tractable symptoms. By contentedly waiting for a Cold to get well of itself, many a one has so damaged the structure of his Lungs, as to put himself beyond the reach of medicines, before being conscious of danger. How much safer on the first indications of a Cold, to resort to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an efficacious remedy for Coughs, Asthma, and all Bronchial Affections, and sure to exert a beneficial influence on the organs of the Chest.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 720 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Of Illusions.

That wise provision of Providence which keeps us in ignorance of our fate secures our present happiness, and by instilling into our minds and hearts that buoyant and bright-eyed scion of our fancy which we call Hope, gives us an illusion which reconciles us to every disaster that beats our path.

The ruts and snags that make dangerous the road of life, revealing as often the treachery as well as the honest rivalry of our fellows in the struggle to advance; the morasses of deceit, wherein confidence in hollow friendship sinks; the disappointments that grieve our hearts and break our spirits for a time—all these ills do we endure with varying degrees of patience while listening to the soothing whispers of Hope within ourselves, the wish being, alas! so often "father to the thought."

And yet the brain-imp is only cajoling us, filling our minds with illusions that shall keep us quiet, and prevent the mutiny of distemper. But it gives us peace, and if we are befooled, why, in reality, we profit by our loss.

Taking the ordinary average of human beings, few men will be found who are willing to confess—even to themselves—that the faces which nature has vouchsafed to them are not tolerably good-looking. As a matter of fact, there is no lack of "plainness"—that polite modification of "ugliness"—in masculine humanity. Fortunately in this division of creation beauty is not considered a sine qua non, and in this regard our consolation may be found in the prodigality of nature as to the bestowal of her favors in the fairer half. But how many men do we meet who will acknowledge the simple truth, and say that according to the facial law—the classic ideal—they are hideous? No, Nature is too kind to let them think so; the thought, though only too true, would make them miserable. The bounteous mother, though she is never tired of playing all sorts of pranks with our poor countenances, still infuses that sweet comforting illusion called conceit into the mind; and while the morning mirror keeps us still familiar with the aspect we present, we are apt to grow in favor with ourselves, and to consign Phidias, Angelo, and the whole tribe of counterfeiters of Nature's masterpieces to the depths of oblivion.

One of the commonest illusions, especially among the wealthy, is the perpetual belief that the system has gone wrong, and that the doctor is mistaken in his treatment of the malady. Some persons are so constituted that they are never tired of complaining and of making those about them wretched by their endless peevishness.

In such instances it may be thought that the illusion under which they labor cannot bring much happiness with it; but that by no means follows; for, whether the desire of creating sympathy for themselves, or the indefensible one of wishing to make others miserable, it is nearly certain that they do derive a sense of pleasure from complaining, and from the source of their illusion drink in a measure of selfish satisfaction.

Concerning the "cures" that have been effected by a somewhat similar process of mental impression, the stories and evidence in existence are inexhaustible. The horror which some persons entertain to swallowing a nauseous drug is at times so great, that the malady often disappears in the contemplation of the draught. This is known to have been so, even in cases where there has been a real complaint, and not a mere complaining.

The force of imagination in this respect is indeed wonderful, and the experience of the ordinary practitioner records many such instances. The story of the man who placed his bottle of cod-liver oil on the mantelpiece, and sat looking at it until he found himself well, may be a joke; but nevertheless there is in all probability some foundation in fact for the humorous conceit.

To select another form of illusion from the multitude of phases which exist, that which renders literature itself so delightful may be cited. While the mind is absorbed with the deep interest created by the perusal of some highly-wrought fiction, taking the reason prisoner, and holding the understanding in the thraldom of its spell, the real which is round about us (and which may be a sad and sorry contemplation) is lost to our perception for the time, and we live in the unreal—in the scenes conjured up in the imagination by the pen of the creative genius who "bodies forth the forms of things unseen," and "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Under this particular influence, illusory and fictional though it may be, the human mind has experienced a greater amount of pure and real happiness than all the circumstances of ordinary life are ever likely to bestow. In this sphere of romance, this world within the pages of our books, the fancy is captivated, sympathies seduced, and springs of feeling tapped, which in all probability would remain forever dormant, as treasures lie in the unmined earth, if we had nothing but the bleak, cold, harassing monotony of everyday existence to contemplate.

So, also, is the illusion of the play. Those who best know how to enjoy an acted scene voluntarily give themselves up to the apparent circumstances of the situation, resigning all notion of sham in the exhibition they are witnessing, and opening their hearts to be played upon by the "counterfeit presentment."

THIS world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout; bury yourself, and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity, there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained in this world, must be attained on the wing. Each day brings its own benefit; but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day is escaped for ever. To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the lost yesterdays.

YOU may tame the wild beast; the conflagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and dry underwood is consumed; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered so carelessly yesterday or this morning; that will go on staying, poisoning, burning beyond your own control, now and forever.

WAIT not for your difficulties to cease; there is no soldier's glory to be won on peaceful fields, no sailor's daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no irritations, no difficulties.

WHOEVER is wise is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and, upon that account, is willing to "hearken unto counsel;" whereas the foolish man, being in proportion of his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason, because it is his own.

A MAN who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.

WHEN we sum up all the useful truths which we owe to philosophy, to what do they amount? When we look for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race, we are forced to own ourselves disappointed.

PIETY is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.

CONCEIT in all its forms is the token of a shallow nature; but when it strives to exalt itself by overthrowing another, and to appear well by making others appear ill, it is not only shallow, but mean and cowardly.

HE who, when he hath the power, doeth no good, when he loses the means will suffer distress. There is not a more unfortunate wretch than the oppressor, for in the day of adversity nobody is his friend.

DEFINITE work is not always that which is cut and squared for us, but that which comes as a claim upon the conscience, whether it is nursing in a hospital or hemming a handkerchief.

FIVE great enemies of peace inhabit with us,—avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride; if these were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.

IF you have been tempted into evil, fly from it; it is not falling into the water, but lying in it, that drowns.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

CAROLAN.—The best way of curing yourself of a hopeless passion is to supersede it by another. We advise you to pay your addresses to the young lady who shows a greater appreciation of your value. If you are prudent you can live upon the salary mentioned.

M. R. S.—It is not customary in this country to ask the lady's parents' permission to pay attention to her; but when he intends to marry her, it will not be amiss to state to them that having obtained her consent he desires them to look favorably on the proposition.

MRS. A. B. C.—For scrap-book purposes nothing is better than mucilage which may be easily made by dissolving gum-arabic in hot water. To prevent moulding put a few drops of creasote in the mucilage. The flour pastes as a rule are not reliable, as they invite mice and different insects.

E. E.—In the evening, or whenever or wherever her safety, convenience, or comfort seems to dictate it, a gentleman should offer the lady his arm. At other times it is not customary to do so unless the parties are engaged or married, as otherwise they lay themselves open to remarks from passers-by and gossipy persons.

R. L. C.—Diamonds have been discovered in the United States, North Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, and California, but none of very large size. They are found in earth mixed with gravel. When first dug up they are usually covered with a yellow or reddish crust. When this is removed their brightness is revealed; but they are generally in bad shape, and have to undergo much cutting before set in jewelry.

D. B. F.—The varnish used for gun-barrels, after they have been bronzed, is made by dissolving one ounce of shellac and one and a half drachm of dragon's blood in a quart of alcohol, and filtering the solution through blotting-paper into a bottle, which must be kept tightly corked. This varnish, after it has been laid on the barrel and become perfectly dry, must be rubbed with a burnisher to render it smooth and glossy.

DORA.—The earth as a member of the solar system moves along with the other planets around the sun from west to east. This journey around the sun is performed in about 365¼ days, which we call a solar year. The earth's path or orbit is not strictly a circle, but an ellipse of small eccentricity, in one of the foci of which is the sun. The daily rotation on its axis occupies 23 hours, 56 minutes and 4 seconds of time, as shown by a perfectly-adjusted clock.

C. M.—The first essential for having white hands is to preserve them from all unnecessary toil and exposure to the sun and wind, and to wash them in warm water with soap of the finest quality, free from all irritating alkaline substance. Pure castile soap is considered the best by many ladies. Protect them further by wearing gloves whenever you appear in the street. Chapping may be prevented by drying the hands thoroughly after washing them.

EDNA.—The best woods for staining black are pear, holly and beech, all of which, when freshly cut, take a beautiful color. Allow the wood to remain in lukewarm water for two or three days, adding a small amount of alum to the water. Put a handful of logwood, cut small, into a pint of water, and boil until reduced to less than half a pint. Spread a layer of this liquor, while quite hot, on the wood with a brush, and a violet hue will be obtained. When it has dried put on another layer; dry it again and apply a third time.

P. V.—Bracelets are of very ancient origin, having been used by every savage and civilized nation from the earliest period in the world's history. The Medes and Persians wore not only bracelets and armlets, but ear-rings, collars, and necklaces, which often consisted of strings of valuable pearls, and other jewels. We are indebted to the Greeks for the snake-bracelet, they having been worn by Grecian ladies of rank. The wearing of ear-rings is of very ancient date, as is mentioned above, but there is no record as to who was the first woman to adorn herself with them.

W. J. M.—Steam was not invented by anybody. The production of steam is a natural consequence resulting from the heating of water. The fact that there was a power in steam which might be turned to practical account was observed thousands of years ago. Hero of Alexandria, who flourished two hundred and fifty years B. C., described several contrivances illustrating the power of steam. Attempts to utilize steam power were made from time to time for many centuries, but no practical results came from these efforts till the Marquis of Worcester set up his steam apparatus at Vauxhall, in the year 1663.

LOVER OF TRUTH.—The story is a well-known one, and was weaved into a tale very popular some years ago. The officer deserted his wife, and she died of a broken heart. He went to the bad, but we do not know where he died. The monument erected to her memory in Trinity churchyard by her daughter was a solid tablet of brass an inch thick, plated with silver. It was inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Temple, aged 19 years." This was supposed to be of solid silver, and of course tempted the thieves, who, one dark night, with hammer and chisel, cut it from the slab. They were never detected. It was doubtless sold for old brass, after the inscription had been defaced. The monument remained without any designation for several years, when some gentleman, whose name is now unknown, paid for having the words "Charlotte Temple" cut in the excavation thus made vacant.

CROSSING THE BAR.

BY TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

The Money Lender.

BY J. B. B.

YES, that is what I am, only an old money lender, Robert Lane, of Rattlin Street, City; and when I have said that, I suppose I have at once written myself villain unredeemable. Well, well, perhaps, on the whole, the fraternity have not unjustly earned so bad character for hardness to all "the quality of mercy." Still, even a money lender is a human being, and may have one soft spot in his heart; it may even be possible, just possible, that such soft corner be untouched by the love of gold. Most men and women have a dual nature—the objective and the subjective, the outward and the inner self.

But I am not going to be didactic on the subject. I will only assert that few men are absolutely all bad, and that even a money lender is not necessarily all harshness and cynicism, though, Heaven knows, it is not much of the best side of human nature we see in our experience of life. It is the "seamy side," after its fashion.

I am sixty now, and I have lived over thirty years of that time in this house, No. 12 Rattlin Street. I have one clerk—a confidential old servant he is, too—and his wife is my housekeeper, and to-night, sitting by the fire in my own private room, back of the office, with my private note-book (in cipher) on the table, where I have been looking through its pages, my thoughts travel back in a retrospection, not, perhaps, altogether so sorrowful as retrospection mostly is, simply because all human life is more or less sorrowful rather than happy.

The leaves I had last been reading, however, brought my retrospect from general to individual, from my clients en masse to one in particular, and from the far past to an episode, or, perhaps, I should say, a story, which reached its climax only a few years ago, though my connection with the principal figure in it began when he was not over two or three and twenty when he first came to me to borrow.

The old story—turf, gambler, etc., but not wine. The "pleasures of the table" were none to him.

"But that's no virtue, because there is no temptation, you see," Val Clairevaux would say, laughingly, to me. "Now, hand out five hundred, Rob, like the jewel you are, and I'll sign the bill as usual," holding out his shapely hand for the pen.

That was just his way from the beginning. What a wild young fellow he was—reckless and fearless, with passions and temper as fiery as if he had had tropical blood in his veins, was handsome, too, and winning.

Never tell me that it is only women who are so taken by beauty and a soft musical voice, for those gifts are a strong factor of influence with his own sex, with the older, perhaps, even more than with the young.

I shall never forget my first impression of Val Clairevaux—tall, slight, graceful, with finely cut features, and dusky, fair skin, and large, dark eyes of the deepest purple blue I have ever seen. What dangerously beautiful eyes they were, what a sweet voice, and charm of manner! I am free to confess that, hard old money lender though I was, it was the rich, masculine beauty and life of this young fellow that at once found its way to an unsuspected soft corner, and got a hold there which he never lost.

"Look here," I said to him, that very first interview, when he had explained his position as the only child of a well landed gentleman (I knew the name before, en passant, and that the mother was dead), "why don't you go straight to your father, and ask him to pay your debts, instead of paying thirty per cent. to old Rob Lane?"

He looked at me in absolute wonderment.

"Well, by Jove!" said he, "you are a cure of a money lender, you are! But you see I couldn't ask my father again, because two or three years ago, when I came of age, he was awfully good, though he was down on me severely too—still, he paid all my college debts—no joke, I tell you—resettled the property, and vowed he wouldn't do more unless I married—fancy, at my age!—and settled down. Not I. I couldn't 'come home to tea,' forsooth. He would be wild if he knew of this; and—and besides, he would be so disappointed and hurt. I can't stand that—and I——"

"Won't pull up," said I, quietly, as he hesitated. "Yet you've got a will of your own, and, I gather, you are fond of your father."

I saw his lip quiver, then he looked up with a quick flash in the bright eyes.

"Ah, yes; but he can't expect a fellow to be a saint at three-and-twenty, you know. Pull up—oh, I can't yet; it's no go to tell me, and preach. Nobody does, you know."

I know what all but resistless temptations surround a young fellow of birth, position, and expectation; and perhaps this one's father did not give tether enough, or make allowance for those thousand temptations from all sides. It showed me, too, a fund of good in the boy (what else was he then?) that he would not appeal to his father again, because the latter had already done much. The thing was, would he long keep that gold bright, or get seared and callous to hurting his father?

Of course I advanced the money; and from that time Val Clairevaux was a not unconstant client, and we were very familiar and friendly. He liked me, I think, and I—well, I was fond of him, and that is the truth—impudent young rascal, never really out of my debt, though he kept it under at times, when he won at play or races; but for all that, and my lectures, he got more involved by the time he was eight-and-twenty. Even when he was traveling—which he did considerably—he would write to "his old cure," sometimes for a chat, sometimes for money, to pay gambling debts mostly.

After that last application, dated from Monte Carlo, I heard nothing of my too rackety favorite for two months; indeed, I was away myself for thorough rest and change, but I returned home in October, and a few days after that, who should walk into my sanctum but handsome Val Clairevaux.

"My dear boy, I was thinking about you!" I exclaimed, as our hands met.

"Glad to see your worthless client?" said Val, smiling.

"Very glad, Val," so he had long ago bade me call him, everybody did, he said; "I always am."

"Except when I say 'stand and deliver,' eh, Rob?" he laughed. "Well, I haven't come for that, to-day."

"I am more than glad to hear it, Val, for it is high time you stopped the pace you have been going so long. Can't you—won't you crush out that passion for play before it quite wrecks you, Val?" I said, vehemently. "If you would only fall in love, as you can love, and marry!"

"You dear old fellow!" Val said, huskily, then leaned forwards. "What if I am here to tell you myself that my whole heart is caught at last, in full surrender—that I am married, this month past?"

"Val, you married!" I almost started up. "Are you jesting or in earnest?"

"Never more in earnest in my life, and what is more, I have ventured to bring my beautiful Eunice with me to make your acquaintance. She is in the office now!"

"Fetch her in, Val—your wife! It seems so strange now it has come. And your father?"

Clairevaux's expressive face changed, darkened.

"Ah! it is all wrong there; he is hard, unjust about it—will not even see her or me. Do you remember the La Roches?"

I looked at him. What had he done?

"Yes; a rackety, impecunious lot. Well born: but hand-to-mouth, semi-adventurers; left England some four years ago had three girls, one in the schoolroom then."

"And nineteen now; that is Eunice, and in every way the opposite of the others," said Val, looking at me; "believe me, Rob, that is not a mere lover's assertion, truth, though I admit the child has been—well, not brought up at all. The other two are married out in America, thank Heaven. I met the La Roche family and my darling at Monte Carlo. She was miserable at home, in her surroundings; and much they cared what I was so that she was taken off their hands. I won her love—mine was hers at first sight."

"I expect so, you fiery fellow. Well?"

"I wrote to my father to tell him the truth; he knew something of La Roche pere—told him I was in debt (not how deeply), but I asked nothing but his approval and reception of my wife, and I promised, too, to do better. He wrote back that he would never consent to the marriage I proposed—the family were worse than undesirable, were adventurers who had 'entrapped' me; if I disobeyed, he would never receive my wife or do anything for me, except continue my allowance unincreased."

"You did not ask any assistance?" I said.

"Not I!" with a superbly haughty lift of the head. "He added a long, severe lecture on my wildness, and said it was time I did better in any case."

"That is true, Val, you know; and for your own sake and your wife's, I do hope you will pull up, and reform your bad ways—one thing, of course, you have put aside, you could not be disloyal."

"Thanks, Rob, for that; but the rest. I ought to have crushed out the gambling spirit first; but she was unhappy, and my father would not relent—and—we loved. Besides, my honor was involved, since I had spoken. I married her at once, and took her to travel for the honeymoon, then I brought her home to my rooms last week."

"One minute, Val. Does she know how much you are in my debt?"

He flushed deeply.

"Not exactly. I don't myself, by Jove! But I told her I believed I had weighed my future estate pretty heavily between capital and interest."

"So you have, Val, so you have. I think your father would be breathless if he knew the amount."

Val looked staggered.

"Do you mean, Rob——"

"My dear boy, that you must not add more to the weight, but reduce it by selling off races and some other extravagances; prove to your father that your marriage is a real step to the right, and he may soften in time. Now, fetch your wife—business later."

He smiled once more, and went to fetch her.

Rome wasn't built in a day, and how could we hope that a man would be able to give up at once the passion of years without falling back.

"Why had I, then, lent—lent so long?" it may be asked.

If I had not, Val would have gone to others, far harder than I had ever been, who would have no mercy. No, no; I kept him in my hands. I only feared that this girl, so ill brought up, so young, so undisciplined, and unfit to help and restrain quite in the right way, would, as yet, do little to break the meshes, save by the sheer force of her love. Probably she thought little of gambling—she was so used to it, poor child.

Val brought her in, and introduced me.

"Hadn't I excuse?" he asked, roguishly.

Beyond question, yes. Eunice was beautiful indeed; enough to hold a far less impassioned heart than Val's.

"We're just two firebrands together," said Val, laughing, and stooping to kiss her soft cheek, that flushed under it.

"Oh, Val."

"Oh, it's only old Rob who sees the theft, sweetheart," returned Clairevaux, coolly, "and he doesn't count so far."

"Mrs. Clairevaux, you scold Val for that impudence, please."

"I'll try," said she, archly; "but I don't think he will be very much impressed by it."

"What lover would, my dear?" I said, smiling. "Well, he must not deserve you scolding, nor you his."

She looked at me with those great brown eyes, and her pretty head on one side.

"If we did, would it really grieve you, Mr. Lane?" she said, wistfully.

"Very deeply, my child," I answered, gravely. "There is a soft corner in the old money lender's heart, you see, for Val and all that is his."

"You dear old man," Eunice exclaimed, impulsively, and her husband smiled brightly.

* * * * * *

A lonely old man, who has had, perhaps, a sorrowful story of his own in early life, that has embittered and hardened him, may be pardoned, if finding in his declining years, one soft, pure thread of silver, he clings to it tenaciously, clutching it almost more closely than the sordid pile of gold amassed, in forty long, dreary years—amassed what for?—for whom? The very firelight might leap up and ask, "For whom, indeed? No kith or kin are there to have a claim of all the golden pile. How small a part suffices for all the lonely owner's needs—how much remains untouched, unable to bring one thrill of love, one hour's sweetness, such as that slender silver thread has brought? The strong handclasp, the bright, glad smile and look of that one man's blue eyes; no sordid mass of gold, hidden in the banker's coffers, earned that."

"Charities," sing the rippling flames, "yes, perhaps, and the world will cry, 'See how generous the money lender's will is.' Generous! he cannot take it beyond the grave, can he? One small gift in his lifetime, to do just one small good to some human being, would surely—surely—be worth all the fortune left by will?"

Was that what the leaping flames said and sang?

Months went by, but Mr. Clairevaux, still deeply angered and wounded at his son's marriage, and reckless, heavy weighting of the estates, remained obdurate; and, perhaps, he could scarcely be blamed. Equally, of course, Val would not go to Clairevaux, unless his wife was received also.

Val was lucky at the October races, won, then sold his share in several horses, and paid me off some part of his debt. So far, so good; but I kept myself tolerably au courant of my client's doings as a rule, and of his and his wife's still more so, from my strong, personal interest in their well-being; and presently, I saw and heard a few things which made me uneasy.

They lived in a very Bohemian set; naturally, both were reckless, extravagant, and favorites; Eunice, very young, and much run after, so that it was no wonder that her pretty head was perhaps, in time, rather turned. I was sure they must be outrunning his bachelor allowance for one thing, as winter went by into next spring. I knew that if Eunice flirted too much, Val's fiery passion would leap up—he might be jealous; he certainly would not stand it.

I knew that if he, sorely tempted by the old, evil demon, fell back somewhat, and gambled, she was too young to understand the temptation, and make allowances. And all this just did come to pass, as I had feared; the smooth waters grew troubled. Partly, I read it when I saw them, together or apart; partly, I heard it in the air—one night especially, from the gossip of some people before me in the stalls, at a West-end theatre—I was a great theatre goer.

Mrs. Clairevaux had just come into a box, not with Val, but with a man I knew to be a fast, unscrupulous fellow, and a gambler; though he was so artful, that I do not think he had generally as bad a repute as he deserved.

"Yes," one of these said, with a little laugh, "with her again, I see. Marsden is quite gone on la belle Clairevaux, that's plain; and I should think, Val won't see it—be hard."

"Jealous, eh?"

"Well, perhaps, he may be. By-the-by, he was at the Rancleigh the other night—played pretty high too—don't think he had been for ages; but I thought he looked worried."

"His governor, perhaps?—he won't relent, it seems."

"No; but the cloud perhaps was nearer home. There he was—no more card party, either. She was at one at Madame Leroy's since that, and played tolerably high, too, by Jove—laughed when they raised the stakes."

"Whew!" went the other; "and of course Marsden was there—generally is?"

The curtain went up, but I saw little of the stage. I was so sick with miserable apprehension of I scarcely know what; I seemed to see so exactly how things had drifted, what had happened, that perhaps a very little could set right now before misunderstanding went too far. Oh, if only Val's father would forgive and forget, it would draw both young people out of this bad atmosphere into a better air. Val was so chafed and unhappy at the estrangement; I knew that it threw him open to temptation outside and irritability at home.

"I'll watch and wait a week or two," I thought, "and then I will take the bull by the horns and get hold of Val. I cannot let them wreck the ship without an effort. I don't care if he is angry or haughty with old Rob."

And with that bold resolution, I felt

more at ease in my own mind and heart.

Nearly a fortnight passed, when I heard by chance that Mr. Clairevaux was in town, at his own house in Hertford Street, for a few days on business. I knew from Val that he sometimes so came up, and that news set me thinking more than ever of the son and his wife as I sat by the fire in my sitting-room on the first floor—drawing-room I can scarcely call it.

It was barely seven, but though office hours ended at six, my old factotum Dennis was still below, and clients were often frequent after dark, so that the stopping of a cab outside my place, a sharp ring, and shortly after it, Dennis's appearance, were no unusual occurrence.

"Please, sir, Mrs. Clairevaux wishes to see you at once."

Then, indeed, I was startled to the core.

"Send her up here directly, Dennis."

Good Heavens! what had happened?

She came up swiftly, straight towards me, and over elegant dinner-dress only a rich fur mantle, with the hood falling back now from her head, was thrown. She was deadly pale, but her eyes were wild and wide with terror and agony.

"Help me! save me! save me!" she cried, hoarsely, clinging frantically to my hands as I held hers. "Give me money—quick. He swears he will go to Val to-night—and he will kill me if he knows!"

Then she broke into the most terrible sobbing I have ever witnessed in my sad experience of human misery. I held her in my arms without a word till the sobs subsided a little in sheer exhaustion, and then gently put her into my armchair, keeping the poor little shaking hand.

"Try and tell me what has happened, my dear," I said—I was on the rack myself, Heaven knows. "Of whom or what are you so afraid? And how could Val hurt his darling, who loves him?"

She looked up piteously, and caught her breath.

"O, more than life—more than life—but you don't know—all these months——"

"I think I do, my child. Old Rob Lane knows a good deal more than you or Val think." I sat down by her. She laid her face against my shoulder, crying bitterly again, but more softly.

"Oh, I have been so mad, so foolish, so wicked," came at last, "and I dare not tell him. I was not so angry and hard when Val gambled again—broke his promise to me."

"Ah, child, the temptation, the long habit of yielding," I said, sadly. "I feared that failure for both."

"I know, now, I was wrong," she whispered, despairingly. "I reproached him, said he could not care for me. My poor Val! I played recklessly myself, flirted to madden him with jealousy, but, O! I never even dreamed that Marsden was such a villian as——"

"I know him to be a very black villian, indeed," I said. "Yes, go on, my child; tell the old man all the troubles."

She kissed my hand, impulsively—actually kissed my old, withered hand, with those soft, innocent lips!

"Heaven bless you! I knew you were a friend, for Val's sake."

"And your own, too, child. Now, go on, if you can."

That steadied her again. She went on:

"It was all such misery, and I think my head had got turned, too, with the adulations and whirl of excitement. I lost so much at cards these last few weeks that I dared not tell my husband; and he had not the money, either, I know. I got desperate and frightened that he should find out," she faltered, and crimsoned.

"You lost to Marsden, you mean?"

"Yes, and to others; but most to him; but he seemed so kind about it; and a week ago (he had 'been my banker,' as he put it several times) I lost heavily at Madame Leroy's. Several of us had also lost more than we had with us, and it was to be settled next morning. I felt stunned. I don't think I quite knew what I said or did when I left, and Marsden took me down to the brougham. But I remember that Marsden, at the door, said, softly, that if I liked to entrust him with the necklace I had on he would pawn it for me, and bring me the money to-morrow at an hour when Val was sure to be out—his own debt could stand. O, the shame of it!" she said, hiding her face in agony. "The shame, and wrong, and madness of it; and Val had been so wild with me about Marsden that very morning, and all but forbidden me to speak to him. He wouldn't trust him and his evil games, Val said, in his passion, and left the room. And now, if he knows all, he will never believe that I—I——"

Such a sob came at that!

"Hush! my dear child; you poor, erring, but not sinful wife," I said, gently, pityingly, my old heart ached so. "Val can never really doubt your love and faith, any more than you can doubt his. Tell me the sequel."

"Marsden gave me one hundred and fifty pounds, and said, carelessly, that his debt—the same amount—could wait. I could just sign him an acknowledgement."

"An I O U!" I said, quickly.

"Yes, it was, Mr. Lane; but at the time, I hardly looked at it—only signed. I was so agitated, so terrified that Val should come home before I could get it all over, and pay the money to Madame Leroy."

"You did so?"

"Yes, at once; and I have lived this week in dread enough to be a punishment alone. My husband is up the river these two days with some fellows, but he will return to-night. I had just dressed for the evening, when, to my surprise and alarm, Marsden called. Merciful Heaven!" she said, quivering from head to foot with passion and fear. "All his suavity gone, the mask dropped completely, he showed me the pawn-ticket of the necklace, and the I O U, I had signed so madly; it was drawn for seven hundred pounds!"

She stopped, choking with emotion, passion, shame, terror—all were in the poor child's heart, I knew too well.

"He vowed that unless I paid him all that, and redeemed the ticket to-night, he would claim it of my husband. Heavens! think of that!" she said, wildly. "Tell him—sue for it—make it public, and my name a wreck! Oh! I was mad—mad; but he only laughed, and said I was in his power, and I knew what to expect.

"Then he left me, and I—I had no friend but you—no help or shelter. Oh! for pity's sake, lend me the money to take to him, and get home before Val returns, or he will suspect something; perhaps even Marsden will have written."

I had let this miserable outburst come unchecked. She was half beside herself, and saw nothing clearly, as I did at once; but now was my time. I stifled my own boiling indignation as best I could.

"The fellow is a cowardly villian, who shall have his full deserts," I said, sternly, "and that from your husband. You must tell him everything, my child, as you have to me. Hush!"—for she gave a stifled cry of terror—"any further concealment now will look like guilt. Marsden will, unquestionably, continue the blackmailing—that is what it is, in truth.

"I will take you home myself to Val, remain til he knows the truth, and then give him the money to redeem the jewels, and pay the money you really owe that scoundrel! who, after that," I added, grimly, "we may safely leave to your husband to deal with. You mustn't tremble, and be afraid for Val, or of him, my child. There have been faults and mistakes on both sides, but nothing love cannot forgive. Wait here five minutes, whilst I go to my strong-box downstairs for the money."

She clung to my hands then, almost sobbing out:

"No, no, not that! I was mad to ask—I had no right—you are too good to me!"

"Hush, my dear; let me go. See, it is for Val's sake."

That potent plea for the man a woman loves! Val's wife let go then, and sank back, covering her face.

I went down at once to my sanctum below, got out a roll of notes, and put it in my pocket, when I heard an imperative ring at the office-bell, heard Dennis answer it, then a quick step, the door opened, and Val Clairevaux came in, looking so haggard, so like a man almost beside himself, as he was in truth, that a horrible fear shot through me with a shock: had he and Marsden already encountered each other, and—and blood been shed?

"Val," I said, under my breath, "you look awful."

"I am half mad, I think," he said, in a deep, hoarse voice, speaking rapidly, his eyes burning. "I got home and went up straight to the drawing-room. Esmee was not there; but on the floor, close to the davenport, I picked up a man's glove and a pawn-ticket for a diamond necklace, dated a week ago, and with the name on it of 'E. Claire.' Heaven above," he said, through his teeth, "the sight of that, knowing all the misery there was, dazed me at first, I think. I must have rung sharply, for my man came up and said I rang. I asked where his mistress was, with forced quietness. He said he did not know; but he thought that, perhaps, she had had some bad news from her parents, as Mr. Marsden had called about six, and, soon after he had gone, my wife had sent him, my man, for a hansom, thrown in a cloak, and driven off. Gale heard her say an address, ending in 'City!'

"Oh! Rob, Rob! I can't think, I can only feel my very blood is on fire. That villain—that dastard—what entanglement to compromise her has he coiled about my darling? A thousand things flashed in my memory to madden me, and in one wild hope that it was your address she gave—money, perhaps, she sought of you, in despair."

"Val, then you never actually feared, thought she had gone—left you?" I interrupted, eagerly, at last.

"Left me, of her own will! Heavens, no! but that fiend may——"

"Hush, my poor boy," I put my hand on his shoulder, "your darling is safe here, with old Rob!"

"Here! Oh, thank Heaven—safe here!"

Val reeled back; the revulsion to a passion of relief was almost as terrible as the agony he had endured. He covered his face, gave one deep sob, and I turned aside for a moment.

"Come with me," I could just say, unsteadily, after that pause, "come with me, Val!"

* * * * * *

I think I felt, knew, all that was surging in that man's passionate heart as he followed me; as blindly trustful of me, the hard, old money-lender, as if he were a child, and I his father. I led him through the back room, and, without a word, pushed wide the folding-door.

I saw the slender figure on the hearth turn sharply, as Val passed me swiftly by, straight to her—saw him open his arms, and she flung herself on his breast, to be wrapped close—oh, how close!—heard his deep, passionate:

"My heart's love! My precious wife—forgive!" and her half smothered sobs.

And then I had drawn the door to again, and sunk into a chair at the table, bowing my head on my hands, as the hot tears forced their way. I was so shaken with emotions I had once thought dried up—I—the lonely, gray, old man, whose own life's romance was buried years before either of those two were born. I was shaken with a deep joy for them, whom I had been the humble means of bringing together, heart to heart, whose still further happiness I knew lay in my hands to complete—shaken with the wave of retrospect their love and mutual forgiveness brought to me. Oh, if I had once, long years ago, listened to the heart's cry, as my loyal Val had!—if she had listened to hers, as his dear wife had just listened, should I now be what I am?

Vaguely, for a long time—I never knew how long—I heard the deep, soft murmur of the voices I loved, in that next room—hers mostly for some time, as she confessed all to her husband. I heard him say once, with fierce passion:

"Villain—dastard! He shall reckon with me for all this, by Heaven! Go on, my darling—you came to dear old Rob!"

Heaven bless him for those words—"dear old Rob." Oh, they fell like the rich warmth of Heaven's own sunlight on my heart! What human heart can live without some love to feed it's hunger!

When I heard some movement, I rose quietly and opened the door. One step only had I taken, over the threshold, when Esmee sprang forward, and flung her arms about my neck, kissed the old man's furrowed cheek, kissed the gray head again and again—yes, she did, that dear child—sobbing that I had made them happy—so happy!

I could not speak, not even when I felt—for my old eyes were blind with the mist before them—two strong, young hands grip both of mine, and I heard her husband's mellow tones, quivering, broken, despite his effort at control, say very low:

"Rob! Rob! how can I ever thank you? Never call yourself 'hard' again."

Then he turned aside, came back, and went on in another manner.

"Just for twelve hours I will accept your generous loan to deal with the scoundrel——"

"Not a loan, Val. No, boy—hush! not a loan—see, here it is. Not a word, or—or you will wound me deeply; and I have something to do, before to-morrow," I added.

Well, I made him take the roll of notes, for, of course, directly he had taken his wife home, he would go straight to Marsden's chambers, pay him the money actually lent to Esmee, and then——

"But, Val, take care, for her sake," I said, as I stood beside the cab outside to bid good night.

He answered, grimly:

"I would kill him—that is all."

It was only ten o'clock, or a little over, and I had still time, I thought, to finish my work. If I could bring full peace and reconciliation into one family even, perhaps it might be one little step towards expiation to be laid in mercy to the account against me above.

I went in, got certain papers, and went out, called a cab, and drove off to Hertford Street.

"Is Mr. Clairevaux at home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to see him on business of importance. My name is Lane; take my card."

On it was:

"Mr. Robert Lane,
Solicitor."

In two minutes I was shown into the library, and directly afterwards a handsome, elderly gentleman entered.

How like him his son was!

"Be seated, Mr. Lane."

Coldly courteous, haughtily surprised at my visit, I saw, because guessing at my connection with his family affairs.

"I must apologize for my presence and errand, Mr. Clairevaux; both are absolutely unknown to anyone but myself, and I shall be brief. I am the money-lender to whom your son is much indebted by reason of those securities"—I drew forth a packet from my pocket—"on his future inheritance, so far as he had power to charge it."

"And you expect me to lighten the debt by several thousands?" said Mr. Clairevaux, haughtily.

I half smiled.

"No, sir, I do not. In the course of years' dealing with him, your son has repaid a good deal, more or less, and since his marriage"—he started, and drew up, angered at the allusion—"he has repaid more. In fact, I should say he has fairly covered the interest, and some of the capital owing on these papers here in my hand."

"Well, Mr. Lane, my son's affairs have nothing to do with me; he has bitterly disappointed me, flatly disobeyed me by a marriage with——"

"As good and true-hearted a girl, sir, as loyal and loving a wife, as ever man loved, and was blessed with," I said, steadily. "Forgive me, but it's true—Esmee is utterly unlike her family."

"Is she? What, then, is it I hear of her and my son's rackety life?" demanded Val's father, sternly.

"You will hear no more, true or exaggerated," I answered, firmly; "they understand each other now; and there needs but one thing to make all well—your forgiveness, full and free."

"Mr. Lane! by what right do you interfere?" he exclaimed, proudly indignant. "I have once made my son understand——"

"Mr. Clairevaux, you love that boy of yours, wrong though he has been in much—no, hear me, please—and he loves his father deeply. He cannot be happy or at peace, despite his dear wife's love, without your pardon and love restored." I saw his lip quiver then. "I, too, love that son of yours."

"You do—you?" he said, startled.

"Yes, sir, I, the old money-lender. I plead for him and his wife. Forgive them, take them to your heart, as you yearn to do, I dare to feel sure, and I—— Look here, Mr. Clairevaux," I rose, advanced to the hearth by which he stood up, "I waive the conditions I had meant to make for your yielding to my plea. I throw all on your love for him, and—so—see, I free him and your old lands from the grasp of a—money-lender."

I tore the papers in half, and threw the fragments on the red fire.

They flared up high, crackling, blazing, smouldering down, lost in the heat—gone, but not till then did that man move his wide, almost dazed gaze from them to my face.

"What have you done?" he whispered. "Burned your thousands for my son's sake? Is that it?"

"That is it. For his dear sake, the one being my old lonely heart loves. Forgive him; the sting is surely gone, and I will ask no more of you."

"Give me your hand, man," Val's father said, hoarsely. "You, the money-lender, put me to shame. My boy—my only son!—where is he?—take me to him at once, that I may forgive and—be forgiven! I have been hard, not you."

* * * * * * *

Six years have passed since that night, and the old City house of mine is long since let to someone else, for I live mostly in a pretty cottage on the Clairevaux estate, where I often see the family. Some-

times old Mr. Clairevaux comes round; very often (when they are down, as they often are) Val and his sweet wife and two children, boy and girl, drop in to see their "old friend," and laugh when the bonnie little ones climb to his knees and nestle in his arms—bless their hearts.

"Rob doesn't spoil you, does he, my dears?" wicked Val will say to my godchildren; "he doesn't love you a bit."

"Does he not? Oh, Val, you bad boy," I say; "they are only second to you yourself and Esmee, you know well."

"So I do, dear old Rob."

That is the old money-lender's story.

The Portrait Painter.

BY J. A. M.

IN THE good old days before inns became hotels, and when the London coach pulled up twice daily at the door of every posting house of importance within fifty miles of the metropolis, it was not an uncommon thing for some young artist, stranded for the want of the price of a week's lodging, to paint anew the sign that hung above the hostel door.

Philip Hardinge—so the young man called himself—had lodged and boarded for a week past at the expense of Old Guy Wethered, the landlord of the "Jolly Farmer," at Tapford, a Berkshire village of a certain importance at the time now written of. The young man had brought no luggage with him but a small valise and some painting materials. No one knew who he was or where he came from, and he brought no recommendation, save his sad but handsome face—if that could be considered to be any.

When the week had elapsed Guy Wethered, as became a good man of business, presented his score to Master Hardinge, together with a gentle hint as to the footing upon which the latter stood in his house.

"I do-ant say," began the landlord, "and I do-ant know, if you be somebody or if you be nobody—no offence!—but I'm an old man and you're a young'un—and you may think I do-ant know that I've got a daughter—and you may be sartin that casting sheep's eyes at her do-ant get added to your score! But I tell ye, young man, my girl Grace will marry none but a gentleman born, and I'll have no son-in-law but a man with a full purse."

Master Philip Hardinge listened to these words with a sorry heart. But the landlord's bullying caused no change in his face or manner.

"Here are the last gold pieces I have in the word, honest Guy. They will scarcely discharge my score. I must get more tomorrow. As for your daughter, Grace, none ever yet saw her without loving her. But she is too wise a woman and too dutiful a daughter to marry without her father's approval. Be content, sir, with this."

He walked quickly away, leaving Guy Wethered agape at his gentle manners and perfect straightforwardness. When the old man recovered his self-possession, he felt obliged to admit to himself in confidence that "the lad might almost be a gentleman, if he wasn't an artist."

At this moment Hardinge returned to make an inquiry.

"You told me the Manor House yonder was bought lately by one John Goodchild an old farmer—did you not?"

"Ay. But you wo-ant make your fortun' at the Manor House. Farmer Goodchild do-ant treat folk that visits him exactly like an angel. They do say, as heared it for certain, he'd a bad son."

"A bad son!" mused Philip Hardinge. Then he inquired if it were not true that Goodchild was away from home.

"Ay, true enough. But he's back again this morain'. He wo-ant make a rich man o' ye, I warrant. Not love of art—as ye call it—in Farmer Goodchild!"

Philip Hardinge thanked him for his warning, but set out nevertheless for the Manor House. The young man was absent for an hour or two.

When he returned, his look of disappointment and shame went to the heart of Guy Wethered.

"Look ye! my lad. Your calling baint over-profitable in these parts. Where's your friends? They's bound to help ye."

"Friend!" said Philip bitterly. "I've no friends—save folk like you, and—and Grace."

"Well, well—it's not Guy Wethered as 'll be hard on one as is down. Look ye! young master. Just you put a coat o' noo paint on yonder signboard, 'Ye Jolly Farmer,' and when 'tis done we won't take any notice if there's a few shillings due either way, for or 'gainst, 'twixt you and me. How'll that suit ye?"

Philip thanked the old man for his kindness, and set about the work forthwith. "The Jolly Farmer's" weatherbeaten cheeks had some color infused into them, and the rest of his faded appearance was restored to the standard of civilized life. But what most astonished the owner of the signboard was that the Jolly Farmer was thus transformed into a speaking yet flattering likeness of Mr. John Goodchild, the owner of the Manor House.

Philip, having no right to trespass further on the generosity of the landlord, now took his leave, and marched up the road to London. At the turn of the way, he looked back and kissed his hand to Grace, who watched his disappearing figure from the inn door. A few minutes later on, Guy Wethered found his pretty daughter wiping away a tear, and he made a mental note of the fact.

* * * * * *

A whole long year had crawled away, and nothing more had been heard at Tapford of the handsome young painter who renovated the sign of the "Jolly Farmer."

By this time Farmer Goodchild came to be well-known at the inn. He took a special fancy to Grace, and was never tired of telling her that if he were young enough he would go through fire and water to win her for a wife.

One day, when Goodchild was in a better humor than usual, and when Grace, for some reason which her father could not divine, was in better spirits than she had enjoyed since Philip Hardinge went away, Guy Wethered ventured to ask if the farmer had ever noticed the painting on the signboard.

"Not he!" replied the latter. "He was not in the habit of troubling his head about portrait painting and such-like waste of good materials. If a man only knew how to paint a house, now!—that was something practical, and he would get good wages, even in those hard times!—would he not, Mistress Grace?"

"Well, well; there's somewhat in that, sir," remarked the landlord; "and sure enough, it was a poor profit the young man made out of this job—let alone his regular trade."

"What young man?"

"One Hardinge," explained Wethered, "who lay at the inn well nigh thirteen months agone."

"Hardinge!" repeated Goodchild. "My wife's name—God rest her soul—was Hardinge. And this Hardinge daubed your signboard, did he?"

"Ay, ay—but the rascal daubed to some account, for he left the 'Jolly Farmer' to swing here in the likeness of Master John Goodchild."

"Me!" cried the farmer. "How so?"

"'Tisn't for me to say," answered Guy, "but it's my humble opinion he owed you a grudge for refusing him a job, when he called upon you."

"The beggarly scoundrel!" shouted Goodchild, rising from his chair and pacing the room in great agitation. "The ungrateful young rascal! Why—it is my own son, sir! my ne'er-do-weel only son—Philip Goodchild! Didn't I bring him up from his cradle for a respectable farmer like myself? Didn't I discourage his dreams and his fancies, and rub out his chalk drawings on my oak fences? Didn't I send him to the most expensive school in the country, to teach him Latin and Greek and manners. And after all I've done for him, and all I've said—it he doesn't go and leave me to take care of the pigs, and betake himself off to London to become famous, forsooth! and a beggar!"

The effect of this burst of eloquence was to strike Guy Wethered dumb with amusement. What a good-for-nothing! what an ingrate! what a criminal was this son, who threw away the chances provided by so wise a father!

The two old fellows condoled with one another till there was no more to be added to the condemnation of so vile a wretch as this monster of ingratitude—Philip Goodchild—otherwise Hardinge.

"And to think," exclaimed Guy Wethered, as a sort of parting shot, "that the young villain cast sheep's eyes at my Grace!" and he looked at his daughter.

To his surprise the girl hid her face in her hands, and began to sob hysterically.

"For shame, father!" she cried. "Philip is no villain. He is a brave gentleman and you don't know——"

"There, there!" said Wethered, trying to sooth her, and honestly sorry to have said or done anything to hurt his daughter's feelings.

"What is't, my chick? what is't we do-ant know?"

"I've had a letter," sobbed Grace.

"Mercy me! girl—what! from him?"

"Yes, father."

"Why, this is serious!" broke in Farmer Goodchild. "The boy's a downright blackguard!"

"A most improper young man!" added Guy Wethered, knitting his shaggy eyebrows.

"And he says——"

"Ay—what does he say?"

"He says that he is on his way hither."

The indignant parents looked at one another aghast.

"He shall never enter my doors again," said Goodchild, with an oath.

"Nor mine," added Wethered, with another expletive.

"And he says——"

"Ay, ay; let's hear it, girl!"

"He says he's making his fortune——"

"The devil he is!"

"The young dog! that's quite another matter."

"And he says——"

"Well, well; out with it, miss."

"He says the King sent for him——"

"The King!"

"Yes, and his Majesty has done him great honor, and will have him make the Queen's portrait, and henceforth one of the Royal Painters in Ordinary."

"What! what! Neighbor Goodchild, we've been hasty."

"You were hasty, neighbor."

"Not I, Farmer; it was you, sir. But—heaven be praised! Here's the honest lad himself coming down the road, and—Grace, my sweet love, go you to the door to meet him, and bring him hither, and we will all drink the king's health together——"

"And yours, pretty Miss Grace," added Goodchild.

"And yours, Farmer——"

"And yours, Landlord!"

And they did so.

Before the day was out, Grace was betrothed to Philip Goodchild, and before the month was out, the pair were man and wife.

All Tapford was invited to the wedding. And—what is more—all Tapford took care to come.

After this, it is almost needless to add that there never lived a happier pair than the landlord's daughter and the Portrait Painter.

THE TIMES BROKE THE BLOODHOUNDS.—"I was a Michigan Sheriff for six years, and during that time but one prisoner got away from me," says Capt. George Totton, now a guest of the Laclede Hotel, St. Louis. "He was an all-round thoroughbred, and I sometimes doubt if the gates of hades will be able to hold him in. He had broken out of a dozen jails before being finally lodged in the penitentiary.

Before three months he broke out of the pen. I rounded him up and put him in a cell that I supposed would hold quicksilver, but the next morning he was gone. I had two bloodhounds that I had raised myself, and of which I was very proud. I collected a posse, the hounds took the trail and we started in pursuit.

About noon the dogs gave tongue in a dense forest, and we dismounted and followed on foot. In a little while the baying ceased, and I began to fear that the desperate convict had killed my hounds. But he hadn't; he had stolen them! The next day a farmer found them shut up in his corn crib. A piece of paper was tacked on the door bearing the inscription, 'Shurulf Totton's Terrors.'"

TRANSPLANTING.—Some interesting results concerning the transplanting of oaks were mentioned in a recent paper read before the Edinburgh Botanical Society. A number of trees were transplanted at an early age, some later, and some left in the seed bed. Measurements of their girth, taken annually since 1880, show conclusively that the transplanted oaks are ahead at least fifty years of the others. Merely lifting the trees was also found to make them mature rapidly.

"William," said she severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?" "Clara," said he, "I can't answer that question, but I think I'll not bother you much longer. One of the other three girls I'm proposing to shows signs of weakening."

Chocolate Blanc Mange.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in as much water as will cover it, four ounces good chocolate, grated, one quart of milk, twelve ounces of sugar; boil the milk, chocolate and sugar for five minutes longer, stirring constantly, flavor with vanilla and pour into moulds to cool.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A rather dramatic story comes from Providence, R. I., telling how John L. Sullivan, being in that city, accidentally heard the story of a man who had spent his last dollar and pawned his wife's watch to back John L. at New Orleans. Off goes John, arriving just as a mortgage is to be foreclosed, satisfies the claim and goes off blessed by a grateful family.

A Londoner lately patented an arrangement for "advertising in the clouds," and the necessary machinery, with powerful lenses, will soon be in working order. The apparatus can be operated whenever clouds are visible, and during misty and foggy weather almost any size or style of advertisement, including portraits, drawings, figures, with or without colors, can be reflected.

Sixteen years ago a Senator of the Italian Parliament, while coming down an Alpine glacier at the height of 14,000 feet, dropped his coat in a crevasse. He was informed by the guides, knowing the annual rate of glacial movement, that it would probably come out from the mouth of the glacier in about 17 years. Last August a party of tourists saw a coat in the moraine, and, on examination, it is claimed to have been the Senator's.

Art has been as inaccurate in its representation of the snake in motion as of the horse. The snake does not literally "go upon his belly," Scripture to the contrary notwithstanding, but upon his side, and his motion results from the use of the intercostal muscles in such a way as to contract the ribs on one side at a time. By this process and in this position the snake can run very rapidly, but only for a short time. He is quite unable to glide upon a perfectly smooth surface, nor is he able, as most persons suppose, to propel his whole body forward and in air when striking.

The latest machine designed for use in electric spark photography gives quite remarkable results. Articles moving at the rate of 10,000 miles an hour can be photographed, and, by the introduction of a revolving mirror a speed of 180,000 miles an hour can be coped with. The mirror makes 1024 turns every second, worked by electricity, which is about 150 times as fast as a rifle bullet travels. The whole photographic power of the sparks is over in a time equal to the ten or eleven millionth part of a second, and it is during that incredibly brief space that the image is made on the sensitive plate.

An intellectual amusement, recently devised in Boston, consists of writing a capital D on a sheet of paper while standing at a table, and trying to make the right foot swing in the opposite direction from that which the pencil is following on the paper. No one, so far as heard from, has been able to perform the feat. You get your foot swinging nicely in the opposite direction from that in which you know you are going to make the big loop of the D, and firmly resolve that you will keep it going the same way while you are writing but as soon as you get started on the letter, will you will you, your foot turns and goes the other way.

There is an honest and jolly butcher who does business in Eighth avenue not far from the Central Park entrance. He is a large and heavy man, his wife is almost as heavy, and his grown daughter weighs nearly 200 pounds. It is customary for this weighty family to take a ride in the butcher's delivery wagon every Sunday afternoon, and the trio, dressed in Sunday finery, present a very imposing appearance. The women are gaily [illegible] of bright colors. One or two small boys got in pace and appeared on the wagon to drive and attract much attention. The complacent butcher and his female companions seemed to more than fill the stout wagon, and doubtless they were wholly unconscious of the reason for the merriment caused by their appearance. On each side of the wagon was painted in bold letters: "Dressed Beef."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for testimonials, free. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

THE GOOD SHIP REBECCA.

BY M. E.

"HADN'T we better ask nurse?"

"She would be sure to say, 'No!'"

"Very well, then; be quick and be quiet."

The hall door was opened, and one of the two was safely outside it, when another door opened, and nurse appeared.

"Now, Master Dick! now, Miss Daisy!" she began. But long before she had finished her sentence the hall door shut with a bang, and both of the children were scampering down to the beach.

They sat down and took off their shoes and stockings, and Daisy tucked the stockings inside the shoes, and hid them behind a flat rock. Neither of the children spoke—they were too much excited. "She" was finished at last; "she" was about to take her trip up. "She," you must know, was the little sailing boat which the children had made themselves.

Dick tied one end of a piece of string to the boat, and gave Daisy the other end to hold; then he placed the boat gently in the water. She leaned slightly on one side. Daisy turned pale, and Dick began to feel hot; then, as she slipped into deeper water, she righted herself, and as a little puff of wind caught her sails, she moved slowly across the pool.

"Oh!" said Daisy, with a gasp.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick.

"She looks beautiful," said Daisy. "I believe she would sail across a bigger pool. Let's find one."

They wandered along the beach, hand in hand.

"What shall we call her?" said Daisy, when at last a satisfactory pool had been found.

"We must think of a fine name," said Dick, "like Dreadnought or the Pride of the Nile."

"It must be the good ship Dreadnought, or the good ship something, for she is a good ship," said Daisy proudly. "Shall we let nurse choose a name?"

"No, nurse is so cross to-day," said Dick.

"Perhaps she is bothered," said Daisy; "she has many more brothers here than at home. I love the sea, but I shall be very glad to get back to father and mother, and I do long to see the new baby. Don't you, Dick?"

But Dick didn't like showing his feelings, so he said quickly—

"Do you remember under which rock you put our shoes and stockings?"

"Oh, yes," said Daisy, "it was a flat rock, just over there."

But whilst the children had been sailing their boat the sea had gone further out, and had uncovered ever so many flat rocks.

They searched about for some time, without finding their shoes and stockings, and at last Daisy said—

"We must go home without them; we mustn't be late for tea. We can come out afterwards and look for them."

Dick agreed; but it was not easy walking on the pebbly beach, and the children were some time reaching the house, though it faced the sea.

As soon as the hall door was open, they ran upstairs into the sitting-room.

"I'm afraid we're late," said Daisy.

"Can those untidy children be Margaret and Richard?" said a voice which was certainly not nurse's. It belonged to a tall severe-looking old lady, who was standing in the middle of the room and who stared at the children through a pair of eye-glasses balanced on the tip of her nose.

"I'm Dick, and that's Daisy," said Dick rather rudely. "Margaret and Richard," said the prim old lady, shaking her head rather solemnly, "I am indeed distressed to find you in such a condition, no shoes, no stockings, such unkempt hair, such unclean faces! Your nurse is seeking you. I promised your father to visit you as soon as I returned from abroad; I shall have nothing satisfactory to report to him. Your mother's faith in her maid is indeed misplaced."

"It wasn't anybody's fault," began Daisy hurriedly.

"Hush; Margaret!" said the prim old lady; "excuses are useless. I have seen enough. I cannot stay to see that faithless woman, your nurse. Good-bye."

And before the children had recovered from their astonishment, she was gone.

Dick began to laugh.

"I wonder who she is?" he said, "the disagreeable old thing!"

"Margaret and Richard!" said Daisy, in imitation of the old lady's voice, "I am distressed—"

Dick went off into another peal of laughter; but both children stopped laughing when they caught sight of nurse's face as she entered the room.

"Oh, Miss Daisy! Oh, Master Dick!" she said, "where have you been! I've been looking for you both everywhere. Your great-aunt, Miss Rebecca Standish, has come to see you."

"Great aunt Rebecca!" said Daisy.

"Father's Aunt Rebecca!" said Dick. "Was that disagreeable old lady father's aunt?"

"I am sorry," said Daisy. "I always Aunt Rebecca would be a dear old lady."

"Hush, Miss Daisy! she'll hear you," whispered nurse.

"Hear us?" cried Daisy; "why, she's gone!"

"She said she was 'distressed to find Margaret and Richard in such a condition,'" said Dick; "and she called you a faithless woman. Oh, dear! she was funny!"

Nurse looked at the children sadly; then she sat down in a chair and began to cry.

Dick looked solemn at once, and Daisy crept up to nurse, and put both arms round her neck.

"We're very sorry, nursie," she said. "We lost our shoes and stockings on the rocks, but we will find them again; and whatever Aunt Rebecca says, or does, or writes, mother knows you are not a faithless woman."

"But it will worry mistress," said nurse, wiping her eyes; "and she ought not to be worried, and I ought not to have let you go out and get in such a mess. Did you say you'd lost your boots and stockings? Well, perhaps I'd better find them."

"I wish we hadn't gone," said Daisy, as nurse left the room.

"We had to try if the boat would float," said Dick; "and it's no good wishing that now. What are we to do to comfort nurse and prevent mother being worried?"

"Couldn't we explain how it happened to Aunt Rebecca?" said Daisy. "Perhaps she isn't as bad as she looks; some people aren't. Let's go and show her the boat, and tell her all about it."

"We will," said Dick. "Nurse showed us where she lived the other day. We'll go at once."

But at that moment nurse came back into the room, carrying the shoes and stockings.

"One of the sailors gave them to me," she said. "He said he had found them."

"Nurse," said Daisy, "we are going to tell Aunt Rebecca that it was our fault, and then——"

"We must have tea now," said nurse sadly; "and it is too late to go out again this evening."

"We'll do something," whispered Dick to Daisy.

Next morning Miss Rebecca Standish was busy writing letters.

"My dear nephew," she wrote, I saw your children yesterday, and I am sorry to say——"

At that moment the door opened, and the two children walked into the room. Aunt Rebecca looked very much astonished; she put her eye-glasses on the tip of her nose, and stared at the children. They were both as clean, and tidy, and neat as two children could be.

"Good morning, Aunt Rebecca," said Daisy. "Dick and I—that is, I mean Richard and I—have come to explain about yesterday. We brought you our boat to show you, but if you like it very much——"

"You may keep it," said Dick quickly.

"It wasn't nurse's fault at all," said Daisy bravely; "and she doesn't want mother to be worried."

Dick laid the boat in the old lady's lap.

"You see, we were obliged to try if she would sail when we'd made ourselves," he said.

Aunt Rebecca said nothing. She took up the boat and looked at the name painted on it, and then she put it down, took off her spectacles and wiped them, and then she leaned forward, and, much to the astonishment of the children, kissed first Dick, and then Daisy.

An hour later, when nurse went out to look for the children, she saw them coming towards her, one on each side of Aunt Rebecca.

"It's all right, nurse," said Daisy; "she knows all about it; and she thinks the boat looks very pretty, though she doesn't want to keep it."

"And Aunt Rebecca likes having the boat called after her," said Dick. "She says father had a boat called the Rebecca once."

"Only ours is called the Good Ship Rebecca," said Daisy.

"I was coming to ask if Margaret and Richard—I mean Dick and Daisy"—interrupted Aunt Rebecca, "may take tea with me this afternoon, nurse?"

"There," said Daisy, before nurse could reply, "it's just as I said. She isn't as bad as she looks; some people aren't."

Nurse shook her head, but Aunt Rebecca only smiled.

LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.—It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the polar seas. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The huge crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge until losing their equilibrium they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the icefields, which fall afterwards like the crack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The sea-gulls fly away screaming, and often a black shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of beautiful purple light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at thirty degrees above zero to forty-seven degrees below zero in the open air, without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is wind. At fifteen degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind, it falls in a fine powder. This phenomenon is called sea-smoke. At forty degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air and make a light continuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomit smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them.

BABY'S MOTHER.—Oh, little baby, all pink, and wrinkled, and ugly as you are in men's eyes, how sweet you are to your mother! Heaven knows why, and Heaven only—I say it reverently—Heaven that sent you.

A woman who has never loved a baby is not half a woman. She does not know what love can be. In every other phase of love there is some selfishness. In that which we feel for our baby there can be none.

What does it bring to a mother, this morsel of humanity, but pain, and fear, and weakness, deprivation of pleasure, and vigils many and long? Yet the love she has for it pays for all. It is a passion—though it has never been called so—the strangest, sweetest, purest passion.

When a lover's lips touch hers a girl looks fair and bright, and as beautiful as she ever will in life, so that those who see her envy and admire; yet her emotions may then be merely an equal mixture of love and vanity. When a mother kisses her first babe she is often pale and far from beautiful, but never in her life has such a depth of tenderness dwelt in her soul; never was she so near perfection; for all that we women have of good and true in our hearts has its base in mother-love. It is from this that our power to care for our households, to do our duty, must principally spring.

The woman simply capable of romantic emotion may have lovers by the score, but is never true to one, and is always selfish to the heart's core, grasping all she can, and giving nothing.

The women with strong mother-love in their souls give that—though in less degree than to their babies—to all they love; and so is house built as the nest by the mother-bird.

THE ratio in which the different letters are used in the language is shown by the numbers of each letter applied in a "bill of type" to the printers. The proportion is z 3, x and j 5, q 6, k 8, v 15, b and g 20, p 24, w and y 25, m and f 30, c 40, u 45, d and l 50, h 90, r 70, n, o, and s 80, a and i 90, t 100, and e 140.

A NEW YORK girl suddenly confronted by a burglar gave a scream could be heard a mile off, and at the same instant landed a kick under his chin which tumbled him down stairs. That young lady appears to have considerable dramatic talent.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

St. Louis claims to have 70,000 incandescent lights.

The British Medical Association now admits women doctors as members.

Sweden has 2000 school gardens. How many are there in the United States?

A cabbage grown in the American Valley, Cal., is said to weigh 28 pounds.

"Molasses and Stockins" is displayed on a sign over a miscellaneous store in Boston.

Edward Burns is locked up in the Buffalo, N. Y., jail, accused of stealing a corpse.

Two Siamese monkeys have been trained by a Goshen, N. Y., farmer to pick fruit.

Mosquitoes did not inhabit Dallas, Texas, until the railroad was built through that town.

At a military dinner lately the ice cream came in the form of cannon balls, guns, swords and drums.

A Connecticut woman was fatally killed by a hawk, which she tried to save from stealing a chicken.

Very few Scotch peasantry wear the kilt. Most of them are dressing after the manner of English people.

The prisoners in the Parkersburg, W. Va., jail attempted to escape by throwing pepper in the eyes of the jailer.

Two doctors are reported to have obtained 10,000 germs from two bank notes that had been long in circulation in Cuba.

The Troy, Ind., Times, failing to receive its weekly supply of paper recently, made its appearance on wrapping paper.

An agent of a New York Bible society reports that in canvassing Erie county he found 136 families who had never seen a Bible.

In Vera Cruz and other Mexican coast cities it is claimed that sea water has proved the most effective medicine for cholera and yellow fever.

That edition of Shakspeare in words of one syllable is still talked of. It is now proposed to prepare it as a text book for primary schools.

A tiger that escaped from a wagon show is hiding in the woods near Brownlows, Wis. Cattle and sheep are reported to have been disappearing in large numbers.

The white horse has been taken out of the German cavalry, it having been proven that it can be seen at such a distance as to make it a special mark for the enemy.

The smallest representatives of the sheep species are said to be the small "Ouessant," natives of Breton, France. When full grown they are not much larger than a rabbit.

A fence 500 miles long, of wire netting, separating the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, is one of the wonders of Australia. It is designed to keep the rabbits out.

An English company is being formed for the acclimatization of elephants in South America and the utilization of the valley of the Amazon and its tributaries for elephant farming.

There is still burning in India a sacred fire that was lighted by the Parsees centuries ago. The fire is fed with sandal and other fragrant woods, and is replenished three times a day.

As the hanging of a man failed to come off at Pineville, Mo., the residents of that town were determined that the scaffold should not have been erected for nothing, so a yaller dog was accordingly strung up.

John Darby, of Sacramento, Cal., was sent into the cellar by his mother for a bottle of tomato catsup. As he was coming up he shook the bottle and it exploded, a piece of the bottle cutting a gash in his throat.

At an agricultural fair held at Northampton, Mass., lately, a baby show was made a feature, and the infant industry drew ten times more of a crowd and about ten times more money than the agricultural exhibit.

The Romans, in the time of Cicero and Augustus, took an early breakfast, from 3 to 4 in the morning, a luncheon at 12 or 1, and at about 3 o'clock the cena, or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner.

The "school age" is a variable quantity in this country. In six of the States or Territories children are admitted to the public schools at the age of 4 years; in nineteen, at 5; in twenty, at 6; in three, at 7, and in one, Texas, at 8.

The amount of coloring matter in a pound of coal is enormous. It will yield enough magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2000 yards, aniline for 120 yards, and alizarine sufficient for 155 yards of Turkey-red cloth.

At the morning service in the Lutheran Church at Bremen, Ind., on a recent Sunday, the organist was horrified to see a snake crawling out of the organ upon the keyboard. It was only a milk snake, two feet long; but its appearance was none the less surprising.

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

Give me the Autumn—gracious is the Spring,
With all her dainty wayward promising,
Her sweet shy secrets, half concealed, half told;
But Winter scarce has loosed on her his hold,
And she's as fitful as her April days—
Give me the golden corn where poppies blaze,
The laden orchards, and the strange rich glow
That dreaming summer o'er the earth doth throw
To paint the reddening leaves before they die—
Trysting with Autumn as she passes by.
Here is fulfilment; joy of work that's done,
The hour of triumph ere the last sands run:
Fair is the spring, yet tired hearts find cheer
When Autumn's patient strength crowns all the Year.

OF SEA WAVES.

The friction of the wind upon the sea-surface, the convulsions of deep-seated earthquakes, and the attraction of the heavenly bodies, give rise to the different kinds of sea-waves. It may at first seem strange that so soft an agent as air in motion should be capable of producing such sublime undulations as are frequently observed by mariners on the deep sea, and by the dwellers on sea-coasts when the wind is blowing with gale-force.

We must remember, however, that the atmosphere exerts a pressure, speaking roughly, of about two thousand pounds on every square foot; and that the air is impelled over the surface of land and sea at the rate of forty miles an hour when a moderate gale is blowing, and 100 miles an hour when a hurricane is raging which no sail can withstand.

Half-way between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, the Liverpool clipper ship "James Baines" ran four hundred and twenty miles before the wind in twenty-four hours. At one instant she was running twenty-one knots an hour with her main skysail set, a feat that is hardly credible were it not well substantiated.

Two years later, in 1856, the "Red Jacket" averaged three hundred and thirty-four knots daily during eight consecutive days in about the same latitude; and the American clipper "Sovereign of the Seas" had a westerly gale when rounding Cape Horn which drove her four thousand five hundred and five nautical miles in sixteen days, on one of which she made four hundred and eleven miles. These unparalleled runs of sailing-ships afford some faint idea of the velocity with which the wind travels in high latitudes.

Reliable information concerning the height, length, and velocity of waves at sea is very scarce. When a heavy gale is blowing and an angry sea sweeping all before it, the learned landsman is probably prostrated with sea-sickness; or if free from qualms, he finds great difficulty in keeping himself erect on the slippery decks in order to take measurements with scientific precision.

As the boatswain in Shakespeare's Tempest expresses it: "What care these roarers for the name of king?" A seaman accepts this phenomenon as a matter of course, and does not trouble himself about it, even if he be not too much preoccupied in providing for the safety of his ocean home. The golden mean has too often been ignored when describing the height of sea-waves, and poets especially have dealt hardly with the sea.

It is not uncommon in prose works to read of mountainous waves. Exact measurements seldom confirm first impressions. Scoresby found that forty feet was the height from trough to crest of the largest waves measured by him in the North Atlantic and in a cyclonic storm, when bound for Australia in the "Royal Charter." This has not been accepted as the extreme limit of wave-height.

Captain Kiddle, a well-known and experienced navigator, has, however, encountered waves at sea which were seventy feet high. The late Admiral Fitzroy had previously observed waves as high; and some observations made at Ascension in 1836 support these authorities.

In 1844, H. M. S. "Inconstant" was scudding with her stern upon the crest and her bow in the depression between two successive waves, and the wave ahead was observed exactly level with her foretopsail yard, just seventy-seven feet above the water-line.

On the 27th of July 1888, the Cunarder "Umbria" was struck by a wave not less than fifty feet high, which did much damage. Two days before, the Wilson liner "Martello" had a similar experience: an enormous solitary wave struck her, completely submerging the decks.

The "Martello" was much smaller and more deeply laden than the queenly "Umbria." No connection could be traced between these waves, which were referred to in the dailies as tidal waves, although of altogether different origin.

In October 1881, the Italian barque "Rosina" had all hands, except one man who was ill in his bunk, swept off her decks by a wave which broke on board as they were shortening sail during a heavy squall in mid-Atlantic. The British barque "Undine" had one watch washed overboard and her captain killed under similar circumstances.

It is said that the massive bell of the Bishop Rock was wrenched from its fastenings by the momentum of driving seas in a gale of wind, and the gallery containing it thickly strewn with sand, although one hundred feet above high-water mark.

Scoresby gave six hundred feet as the maximum length of sea-waves; but there are many longer. Mr. Douglas, when building lighthouses on the coast of Cornwall, noticed waves thirteen hundred feet long from crest to crest.

A great storm-wave is peculiar to cyclones. At the centre of the disturbance the mercury in a good barometer may be lower by three inches than that in a similar instrument on the verge of the cyclone. This is owing to the diminution of atmospheric pressure consequent on the rotation of the air-whirl; and as nature abhors a vacuum, the sea in the vortex rises above its usual level until equilibrium is restored. The storm-wave advances with the hurricane, and rolls in upon the low land like a solid wall. Coringa was destroyed by a storm-wave in 1789, and twenty thousand people perished.

Grains of Gold.

The wheels of time only turn one way.

Wise men argue causes and fools dispute them.

Hard work is only hard to those who are afraid of it.

There is no sadder sight on earth than a wicked child.

There are only a few people who do not talk too much.

You cannot get rid of a fault by refusing to look at it.

Nine times out of ten a man lies when he says he is too poor to give.

The way to do a great deal of work is to be continually doing a little.

The policy of adapting one's self to circumstances makes all ways smooth.

Eloquence, when at its highest pitch, leaves little room for reason or reflection.

God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?

I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles. I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.

There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude.

The truth is never in greater danger than when whole communities lend themselves to the vicious deception of semiliness, and without truth there is no virtue.

Learn the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything; this he offers you inadvertently in his words.

Femininities.

Better late than never—Husbands.

A Cornell College young woman is said to be studying veterinary surgery.

Do not use tin for mixing cake in; a large earthen or stoneware bowl is best.

Callao, Mo., boasts of a woman 93 years of age, who walks a mile nearly every day.

If brooms are soaked in a strong hot brine before using the splints will not break in sweeping.

The man who marries his typewriter will find that he has done all his dictating before marriage.

He: "I don't see as much of you in town as I did at the seashore." She, blushing: "Well, I should hope not."

Bride No. 2: "No other woman ever wore this ring, did she, darling?" Widower: "No woman on earth ever had it on."

He: "How the trees are moaning and sighing to-day!" She: "So would you, if you were as full of green apples as they are."

To clean alabaster ornaments, dissolve borax in boiling water and apply with a cloth or soft brush; rinse well and dry in the sun.

A Yankton, Dak., family is claimed to consist of a father, mother and 24 children. The mother is said to be not yet 30 years old.

Give oil-cloths a light coat of varnish when putting them down, and renew before they get dingy. This will keep them bright and make them last longer.

In Kin-Kiang, China, there is a man who has taken a vow to watch three years at his mother's grave, during which period he will be cared for by neighbors.

A French chemist has succeeded in making imitation diamonds that cost more than the genuine, and the vulgar, natural stones will probably go out of fashion.

Wife: "Nothing for me? Then you have forgotten that this is my birthday." Husband: "Not at all. Only I didn't wish to remind you that you've grown older, as you don't look it."

She, her first season: "I have been shut up in a boarding-school so long that I feel awkward and timid in company. I don't know what to do with my hands." He: "I'll hold them for you."

"Why are you so late?" The little girl hung her head and replied: "We have got a little baby at our house. "Don't let it occur again!" said the teacher, fiercely. And the little girl said she would not, and took her seat.

The Rev. B. W. Jones and the Rev. Effie K. Jones, husband and wife, who were graduates from the Divinity School, of Galesburg, Ill., have since been ordained to the ministry and are now preaching in the same town.

Young husband: "You are developing into an excellent housekeeper. We have not had half the usual expenses in the last three weeks. How in the world did you manage it?" Young wife: "I had the things charged."

Tallemant des Reaux describes a beautiful but very foolish woman. One of her fancies was to have pillows of every size in her bed—even for her thumbs—for she prided herself on her beautiful hands and slept with them open to keep the joints small.

A physician says that by laying the head flat over a table the circulation is so increased that the brain works easily and rapidly. And, therefore, he recommends this attitude to all writers. In the good old bibulous six-bottle days in England, writers occasionally followed this recipe, but with a slight variation. They laid their head under the table.

The everlasting hired girl question is a thorn in the side of queens as well as of commoners. For some time past Victoria, of England, has been much troubled to find a satisfactory Mistress of the Robes for her household; but she has at last succeeded in engaging two, the Dowager Duchess of Athlone and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh.

The native newspapers of Japan are lamenting the decay of good manners among newly educated Japanese girls. They assert that under systems of education brought from foreign lands the usages of female life have one by one been abandoned, and the modern girl, in her attempts to imitate foreign manners, has almost transformed herself into a man.

An English medical journal presents statistics to show that four per cent. more boys than girls die before reaching the age of five years, and intimates that an explanation is to be found in the difference in nursing the two sexes receive. He does not say whether boy babies are hugged too much or pinched to death by their fair attendants, but a reform in the method of their treatment appears to be imperative. The writer to whom reference is here made is ungallant enough to suggest that the excess of mortality among male infants may be due in part to a higher organization than that of the girls, but of course the explanation is unworthy of consideration. Our fair friends will perceive the gravity of this subject, for the preservation of boy babies is essential to the supply of the demand for husbands.

Masculinities.

The Sultan of Turkey calls his harem his gallery.

The Emperor of China has just passed his 21st birthday.

It's a queer man who wouldn't rather feel his oats than his corns.

Make yourself useful and you will always be in demand at fair wages.

A Providence, R. I., husband and wife are at law over the naming of their child.

Sir Patrick Grant, who is 88 years old, is claimed to be the oldest British soldier.

An Oil City, Pa., colored man lately won a wager by devouring a 62-pound watermelon.

When a wife hears a dull thud on the door-step she knows that the lodge has adjourned.

A Democratic nominee for Congress in Texas has a moustache that measures 16 inches from tip to tip.

"So you have a new servant girl," said one housewife to another. "Yes." "How does she like you?"

The deaf mute has this advantage: When he has no other person to converse with he can still talk with his fingers.

Penelope: "Going into business?" Cholly: "No; father thinks I'm too much of an ass. I'm going into society."

Four Winnipeg, Manitoba, men recently started on a drive to Jacksonville, Fla., a distance of about 2500 miles.

Perterze Irnchzizkowskelowski is a San Francisco cabinet maker. He is said to occasionally use his name for a saw.

It is said that Gladstone requires the members of his family to chew each mouthful of food 32 times before swallowing it.

The self-closing door-spring is an awful aggravation to the man who is going out of your office mad and wants to slam the door.

Tufts College, Mass., now admits women on an equal footing with men—in the Divinity School as well as in the Academic Department.

A French prince advertises that he desires to sell his title and arms, the whole guaranteed by authentic parchments of the reign of Henry IV.

A Hartford, Conn., policeman was lately asked by an intoxicated man the following question: "Shay! can you tell me what day of the week this'h shtreet ish?"

A double water-tight tube, large enough for two railroad tracks and two trains of cars, is proposed, to give railway communication between France and England.

There is a great difference between military engagements and love engagements. In one there is a good deal of falling in, and in the other there is a good deal of falling out.

The use of cork for bottle stoppers was the invention of a blind monk, who was employed in a vineyard attached to a monastery. Previous to that time bottles were sealed with flax soaked in oil.

An intoxicated Hartford, Conn., car conductor held his car for some minutes in front of a wooden cigar man, whose uplifted hand the conductor thought was an indication that he wanted the car stopped.

Joseph M. Eberly, of Fairfax, Va., who is but a few inches over three feet in stature, is to be married to Miss Emily J. Ledman. She is of the full growth and height attained by the ordinary woman.

General Obrutcheff, the newly appointed commander of the Russian armies, is so stout that he cannot sit in a saddle, nor is it likely, if he could do so, that there is a horse anywhere strong enough to bear his weight.

The Provident Bounty Association, of London, is prepared to insure married people against twins and triplets. Parents who desire this kind of insurance pay in $25, and then in case of twins they will receive $250, and in case of triplets $375.

The fact that people lost on a desert or in a forest invariably walk in a circle is due to slight inequality of the legs. Careful measurement of a series of skeletons have shown that only 10 per cent. had the lower limbs equal in length.

The three Grant brothers, of Torrington, Conn., celebrated their 71st joint birthday recently, all being uncommonly well for men of their age. Such a good report regarding triplets is very unusual. The Grants have been life-long Democrats.

John Shavor, 79 years old, of Schenectady, N. Y., has been struck by lightning twice this year. The first shock was received in July, and the last three weeks ago, killing him instantly. When struck the second time he was sitting at the same place where he received the first shock.

The Czar as a family man is an example for other European monarchs. He passes his evenings with his family, and often reads to his wife while she embroiders. His love for his wife is very great, though not, perhaps, so great as in former years, when, at a court reception in Paris in 1867, he met Eugenie, and on being asked who was the most beautiful woman present turned his back on the queenly Empress and pointed to his own wife.

PECULIARITY OF FLOWERS.—Flowers exhibit many powers and properties which the science of man has never been able to explain. Some will instantly close upon the slightest touch. Some will flutter, as if in alarm, upon sudden exposure to intense light. Some seem possessed of limited powers of locomotion.

A certain species of wild-oats, when placed upon a table, will spontaneously move; pea-blossoms always turn their backs upon the wind; the heliotrope always faces the sun, the tulip opens its petals when the weather is fine, but closes them during rain and darkness; the pond-lilly closes its pure white leaves at night, as it lies on its watery bed, but unfolds them again in the morning.

On the other hand some flowers open only at night. That splendid flower, the night-blooming cereus, is of this kind; it opens but once, and that in the night, for a few hours only, then wilts and dies, without ever admitting the light of day into its bosom.

Some open and shut at certain hours, and that so regularly as to indicate the time of day, like the sindrimal of Hindostan, which opens at four in the evening and closes at four in the morning.

Dr. Good describes a water-plant, which at a certain season detaches itself from its stem, and, like a gallant suitor, sails complacently over the waters in pursuit of a mate, till he finds her.

Other flowers there are, as the nepenthes that will adroitly catch flies and devour them. Others again possess a most extraordinary luminous property; the nasturtium, if plucked during sunshine, and carried into a dark room, will there show itself by its own light.

A plant that abounds in the jungles of Madura illumines the ground to a distance all around; and many species of lichens, creeping along the roofs of caverns, lend to them an air of enchantment by the soft and clear light they diffuse.

Who can explain to us these phenomena of flowers? Who but must see the hand and counsel of infinite wisdom are concerned in the production of these vegetable wonders, compared with which man's work sinks into insignificate?

PUNCH AND JUDY.—It would surprise a good many persons, probably, to hear that "Punch and Judy" is a Chinese institution, but there seems to be good ground for the supposition, according to a correspondent of a London paper, who says:

"A few years ago I witnessed at a garden party given by the general then commanding the troops in Hong Kong the exhibition of a Chinese 'Punch and Judy,' which had been brought down from Canton. The general arrangements were precisely the same as those of an English 'Punch and Judy,' the only difference being that instead of the dog Toby there was a wooden figure with clapping jaws, supposed to represent a dragon. The costumes were Chinese, and the piece varied in some respects from that which we see in England, but all the characteristic features were the same. The lesser mandarins were duly knocked over by the big mandarin, with just the same satisfactory whack as that with which Punch disposes of Judy and Jack Ketch, and all the accessories of voices, pipes and scenery corresponded to those of the English performance."

The correspondent asks Professor Max Muller and the Congress of Orientalists to decide the nice question whether the Chinese or the Europeans are the plagiarists.

A KISSING PARTNER.—A strange little incident occurred at the Stamford County Ball. The ball was held in the Assembly Rooms, and there was a great crowd at it. Towards the end of the evening "Sir Roger de Coverley" was started. The partner of one of the prettiest women there took the whole room by surprise, as well as his partner, by giving her a kiss. For a moment there were symptoms of a serious scene; and there would have been, but that the partner assured the husband that where he came from a dancer always at that stage of "Sir Roger" gave his partner a kiss. The observance of this custom at Stamford, however, was near leading to a breach of the peace, and it would do so all over England, except at that pleasant spot where the kissing stranger resides, and should certainly be tempted to remain. On St. Sylvester's evening in Germany, as the clock strikes twelve every gentleman has the privilege of kissing his partner. The custom being known, there are diplomatic arrangements made in advance as to who shall be partners.

As staple as sugar, and equally if not more useful is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

CURIOUS ENGLISH.—Many gems of the curious English of foreign hotel-keepers have been given to the public. Among the best is the advertisement of the German watering-place whose proprietor, "beseeches note an excellent station for friends of the fischsport, ships and a riding room in the house."

Another is the tale of the host of a well-known establishment in Greece who was wont to greet his guests in an effusive manner with: "What you prefare—a biktek or a chik-hen?" Their astonishment at his mastery of the language was deepened when, upon their return to the hotel a few hours later, they found nothing prepared. It was his only English sentence, and he did not understand a word of it.

Perhaps neither of these is quite equal to the placard in the possession of a naval officer just returned from Egypt. He procured it at a cafe chantant in Alexandria. It was printed in several languages, and this is the English part: "Every of the consummations to the coldness, 1 piastre besides. Every of the claim to be addressed directly of the direction. During of the repetitions the price of consummations to be the same that in every the other's coffee."

With the aid of the parallel passages in other languages, the meaning is found to be as follows: "All iced drinks, 1 piastre extra. All complaints should be made at the office. Notwithstanding the performance, the prices will be the same as those of other cafes."

PRESENTIMENTS.—Mozart's sad notion that the requiem he had undertaken to write for his mysterious customer would be his own death-chant, proved as prophetic as Hogarth's serious assent to the jocular suggestion when "The End of All Things" was completed there would be an end to the painter.

Feehter's intuition was not at fault when it made him urge the sculptor taking his instructions respecting his last resting-place, to set to work at once, as there was no time to lose; when the tomb was ready for the tenant the tenant was ready for the tomb.

Tom Sheridan, bidding Angelo good-bye with the remark, "I have twenty months to live," gauged the term of his existence to a nicety.

Awakened from a sick man's slumber by the baying of hounds, and the uproar attending the pulling down of a stag in a neighbor's garden, sport-hating Millet exclaimed, "It is an omen!" and in a few days took leave of pencil and paper for ever.

Not long before his fatal illness, Prince Albert said to the Queen:

"I do not cling to life. You do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow. I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once. I should not struggle for life."

PERSECUTED HIS BARBER.—"Hum?" said the irritated barber, "It's easy enough to kick. Didn't I shave all the hair off your face? What more do you expect for fifteen cents?"

"The stubble has been removed," remonstrated the customer, "but with it a large amount of my cuticle."

"Well, what of it?" demanded the barber. "Didn't I dab alum on that gash in your ear?"

"You did," the exacting customer confessed, "but you cut the tip off my nose."

"And I pasted it on with court plaster."

"True enough, but you severed one of my eye-brows and lost it on the floor."

"I kept the razor out of your eye, didn't I?"

"You did."

"And only gashed your neck in four places?"

"Quite right."

"I am afraid your a kicker. My advice to you is to grow a beard or buy a safety razor, and not come around insulting union barbers. You're one of those fellows that want a dollar's worth of surgery with each shave and then kick because you weren't chloroformed."

THE English penny-in-the slot machine for the sale of postage stamps is arranged to hand out a penny stamp with envelope and a memorandum book for a penny. The profits of the business are expected to be derived from advertisements in the memorandum books, which will have an enormous circulation minutely distributed and will, therefore, be a very attractive medium for advertisers.

SALVATION Oil, the people's liniment, is guaranteed the best. It will cure you.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclar Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. He has forgotten the rebuffs and disappointments of the past eighteen years when every avenue to success seemed closed against him. His clear eyes are fixed upon the Queen whose pose and expression indicate her sympathy and belief in his views. The contract is spread out upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public. By special permission a reproduction has been made from the original painting by one of the best Artists, in a convenient size, with all the portraits perfect and a fac-simile in full colors of the original. Such a picture at a time when the World's Columbian Exposition is about to be held will be a welcome Souvenir in every household.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. With the Standard of Spain in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, Columbus has landed upon the New World and taken possession in the name of his Sovereigns. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government as the time has arrived when the achievements of the great navigator, who carried the Cross into the darkness of the unknown west, are dear to those who dwell in the land. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

These Pictures which we offer (size 21x28 inches each) are in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line.

We give them free of charge to every old and new subscriber who sends us $2.00 for a years' subscription in advance.

Remember, you get "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" an entire year, and BOTH PICTURES, which alone are worth much more than the subscription price of the paper.

Address,—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS

CURED and PREVENTED.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon affect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Medicine Lady," by L. T. Meade is an exceptionally powerful story, however taken. Its lines lie in London, and have to measurably do with the physicians, the hospitals, the sorrows, loves, and life generally of that great city. For all the pure realism of its foundation it is a thorough novel, and as healthy in the reading as it is enjoyable. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The English Illustrated Magazine" for October contains a number of fine articles on subjects of general interest, some of them illustrated in the highest style of art. Macmillan & Co., New York, publishers.

The preliminary announcement of the special features of "Wide Awake" for 1893, appears in the October number. Like the contents of the magazine itself, it is full of promise and therefore of interest. Published at Boston.

Cholera.

It should not be forgotten that Radway's Ready Relief has been of great efficacy in curing cases of cholera morbus and bowel complaints, nausea, vomiting and empty retchings. It allays the most violent cramps and spasms. It infuses warmth to the cold and shrivelled extremities, and restores strength and vigor to the whole system, thereby rendering Radway's Ready Relief a most valuable medicine to be used on the first symptoms, as a means of protecting the system against cholera; and in the event of an attack of cholera, doing something of a safe nature until the arrival of a physician.

RADWAY & Co.,
32 Warren street, New York.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The Island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

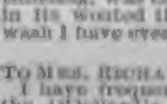
A genuine Dueber, solid silverine watch to every reader of this paper. CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, genuine Dueber silverine watches by express for examination; you examine it at the express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal to any $15.00 watch you ever saw, pay our sample price $2.98 and express charges and it is yours. With the watch we send a 20 year guarantee for the case and 10 years for the movement, also our printed guarantee that you can return the watch at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you one free. Write at once as we shall send our samples for 60 days only. THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CARL JENSEN'S PEPSIN TABLETS CURE DYSPEPSIA PREVENT INDIGESTION
PREPAID BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50 CTS IN POSTAGE STAMPS ADDRESS THE CARL L. JENSEN CO. 402 SOUTH 3D ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA. 708 BALTIMORE AVE. KANSAS CITY, MO. 1000 MASON BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILL. FREE.

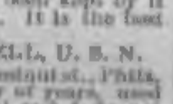
MARRIAGE PAPER Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents. Sample 10c. Happy Hour, Chicago, Ill.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We Guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by FINNEFF, McCURDY & CO., Sole Agents, 106 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,



1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

ANAL AND RECTAL SALVE

FOR PILES, INFLAMMATION, FISSURE, ULCER, ITCHING, etc.,

Prepared by a Specialist

Directions for Home Treatment with each box. Immediate relief. Box 50c. Trial Box and Salve Injector, $1

Dr. A. B. Jamison — No. 41 West 26th St.

FREE We will send you an elegant large magazine 6 months FREE, if you send 20 cents to have your name and address inserted in our DIRECTORY, which goes to over 100 Publishers, Importers, etc., who will send you samples of new goods, extra books, newspapers, catalogues, etc. You will get a big mail daily. All at a cost of 3 cts. Address: W. B. EVERETT & CO., Publishers, 1123 E., BOSTON.

OLD COINS WANTED. Big Prices for dates before 1878. Send stamp for price list. W. E. SKINNER, Dealer, BOSTON, MASS.

ALL ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Covers, 50c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 10c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 326, Kansas City, Mo.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $33 up. Want ag'ts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N. J.

FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is certainly its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the **FAIRHAVEN**

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy those germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 129 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 512 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

STATING THE CASE.

"I know what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the beetle fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can't I imagine what made it so?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek. You were going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—here her glance fell and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
I am short of tact, you will say devoid,
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted;
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me anyway, just as I am;
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes-es," she said.

—U. N. Nose.

The Best Man.

She—"Who wuz the bes' man at the wedding?"

He—"I fink I was. My present cost fo' dollars."

Why is Canada like courtship? Because it borders on the United States.

First office boy: "That dentist in room 8 doesn't seem to do much business."

Second office boy: "Why?"

First office boy: "I never hear anybody yelling in there."

Parker: "Who was that tough I saw you with to-day, Hicks?"

Hicks: "Be careful, man! That was my twin brother."

"By Jove! Forgive me, old boy! I ought to have known!"

"It's a beautiful day for a walk," she said, looking out of the window.

"Indeed it is," he said, doing likewise.

"Would you like to take a walk?" she continued.

"Above all things."

"Then why don't you?"

It was Beverly's wedding day, and he was teasing his young brother-in-law. "Well, Johnny," he said solemnly, "I'm going to take your sister away off and have her all to myself, where you won't see her any more."

"No, really, are you?" said the kid, curiously.

"Yes, I am. What do you think of it?"

"Nothing. I guess I can stand it if you can."

Medical student: "I think, father, when I have graduated I will become a specialist."

Father: "What sort of a specialist?"

"I think I will make a specialty of ear diseases."

"I think you had better become a tooth specialist; man has only two ears, but he has 32 teeth that are always more or less out of order."

"I have just been reading an interesting story of two men who were lost in the Adirondacks while hunting," said the beautiful Miss Hickins. "Were you ever lost, Mr. Tubbs?"

"Once?"

"When?"

"When I first saw you I was lost in admiration, and I may add that I have not since been found."

"Your husband has started a great many enterprises, I believe?"

"He has."

"How has he succeeded?"

"Failed in everything."

"Too bad!"

"But he has got hold of something now that will hold water, I think."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes; he has gone into the milk business."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

To say that stripes and plaids will be worn to a greater extent than plain goods this fall and winter would perhaps be rather too sweeping an assertion, but they will be very popular, particularly among young and slender persons.

PLAIDS.

The plaids leave no one in doubt of their being plaid, as the outlining is of the boldest and most positive. There is no indistinct or broken figure among them. They are large and obstrusive, and while the lover of true beauty may find fault with them they do certainly look stylish. Some are made on the straight, some bias, and others again have combinations of plain goods made up with them.

One very stylish gown for a young lady was of black biarritz cloth, rich and fine. The skirt was plain fourreau shape, fitted to the hips, and buttoned, and on the front were two printed outlines of soutache braid, and there were four similar braids sewed around the bottom. A wrinkled sash was around the waist, which was made of regular tartan plaid in red, blue, yellow and black. A flat piece of biarritz reached up the front of the waist, and a tiny shoulder cape added piquancy to the whole.

A plaid zephyr cloth for a quite young girl was cut on princesse, with a Watteau of brown velvet down the middle of the back. The puffs to the sleeves were of the velvet. There was a berthe of lace over the shoulder. The material was light brown, with white plaid and white, indistinct flowers in between, with hairy effect.

Another plaid gown for the promenade was of dark brown with plaids of yellow, white, red and green lines. The skirt and waist were cut bias, and the corselet of gray astrakhan and V front were the only trimmings. There were enormous directoire lapels. The lapels have very stiff crinoline in them to make them stand out firmly.

Take notice of the hats worn with these costumes, for they are the newest for fall for young persons. One has a bow nearly half a yard across. The middle one is just too lovely for anything—or that is what our great-grandmothers used to say. It is of plush felt, with bows of ribbon and a standing branch of drooping flowers that bob about with every motion. The other is made of a thick frill of black lace in front and a red silk crown with two curled feathers. They are the kind of hats that help his satanic majesty, particularly when worn in the theater. No human who hasn't some occult means of vision can see over, through or around them, and it provokes un-Christian thoughts to sit behind them when the play is interesting and you can't see it.

The stripes can be worn by older ladies with good effect. Stripes when judiciously managed give apparent slenderness to quite a stout figure, but they are apt to be conspicious. A very handsome piece of goods has alternate green and black stripes, a sort of twisted outline of frosty white hairs edging the black and curling over onto the green. Every other green stripe had two lines of black. A dress made of this had a Figaro jacket of black passementerie, and the forearms were also covered with passementerie.

Another handsome striped gown had stripes of two shades of brown, seal and faded leaf. Around the bottom of this was a full ruching made of bows and rosettes of seal brown satin ribbon. Certainly it must require a hundred yards of ribbon to make this ruching, which also encircled the neck and wrists. The whole gown, like the other, was cut on the bias, and altogether gave a kind of tigerish appearance more striking than elegant.

A lovely white crepe de chine gown has the entire front band embroidered with gold threads, and at the bottom is a delicious fluff of lace and crape as flounce. The back is ornamented down the middle seam with a cascade of gold embroidered crape. The sleeves are of canary velvet, high puffed, with the forearm of embroidered crape. Canary ribbon crosses from under the arms to the middle of the back between the shoulders, ending under a rosette. The front is of Brussels point lace and embroidered crepe de chine, forming a "baby waist," below which is draped a canary sash held to a point by a quilling with a bone.

I notice among the novelties feather boas at $1.50, seal capes reaching to the waist line cut exactly like the coachman's capes, gauntlets gloves where the wrist look like old boot tops, stockings with colored butterflies worked all over them and yellow silk garters which you can buy "by the one," for the left stocking for good luck. Two are not worn.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Portieres.—A charming pair of portieres were recently made by a lady for her seaside cottage from burlaps and a couple of breadths of an old woolen dress. A twelve-inch stripe of the blue was hemmed on both edges with an inch hem feather stitched in dull red. Figures of Oriental design, such as one can copy from any Persian rug, were cut from the blue cloth and also from some old dull red cloth and appliqued on the burlaps, buttonholing them on with coarse crewels in black and gold; white was also used with good effect. The blue border was outlined with a design in scroll work, using crewels in dull reds and blues, ecru, pale gold, black and white. Attach the burlaps to the border with fine druggist's cord of a dull color, overhanding over a large knitting needle. The use of this needle gives the open work effect of the joinings of the stripes of a Bagdad portiere. These curtains can be lined with any soft heavy material, but the effect of the stitches on the wrong side is not bad if the work is done with neatness.

Olives.—Cut some slices of veal, two inches, by six inches, and some slices of bacon to the same size; mince very finely some parboiled shallot or onion; lay a slice of bacon over one of veal, sprinkle on it a little of the shallot with some powdered sweet-herbs, pepper and salt to taste, and roll up each olive tightly and neatly, and tie it up with a piece of thread. Fry them in very hot butter until they begin to take color, then take them out, remove the string from each, and lay them by. Fry some onions a gold color in butter, add a very little flour, sweet-herbs, a few mushroom trimmings, pepper and salt quant. suff., and moisten with some very good gravy or stock; let the sauce boil, then strain it, and carefully lay the olives in it to simmer till done and ready to be served. The sauce should cover them in the saucepan.

Grenadins.—Cut from a piece of leg of veal, slices, a little more than half an inch thick, trim them all to the same size, in the shapes of cutlets, and lard them thickly on one side with fine lardoons of bacon-fat. Lay them out, the larded side uppermost, into a flat pan, and put into it as much highly-flavored rich stock or gravy as will come up to the grenadins without covering them. Cover the pan and place it in the oven to braise gently for an hour. Then remove the cover, baste the grenadins with the gravy, and let them remain uncovered in the oven till the larding has taken color; they are then ready.

Carmel Ice Cream.—One quart of cream, half pound of sugar, one vanilla bean, or two tablespoonfuls extract. Put the sugar, half the cream and the bean, split in halves, on to boil in farina boiler; stir constantly for ten minutes; take from the fire, take out the bean, and with a blunt knife scrape out the seeds and the soft parts from the outside of the bean, being careful not to waste one bit. Mix the seeds thoroughly with the cream and stand away to cool. When cold, add to the remaining cream and freeze.

Chocolate Custards.—Four ounces chocolate, one pint of boiling water, eight eggs, three pounds of sugar, one quart of milk or cream; scrape the chocolate, pour the water over it; cover milk, frequently stirring; pour by degrees into milk, alternating with the eggs previously beaten; leave out two of the whites, add the sugar, pour the mixture into cups and bake ten minutes; serve cold with sweetened cream or the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and heaped on top.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 21, 1891.
DEPOT NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—10.00 a m week-days.
Easton Flyer—3.45 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—8.45 p m (215 and Chestnuts sts., 6.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 10.00 a m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 8.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS AND CHICAGO, 9.00 a m and 8.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars, and the 8.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.15, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m, (2.10 noon, 2.10, 3.45, 4.35, 5.30, 6.45, 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 a m.

8.30 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.

9.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line to Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—9.45 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

3.40 p m—Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets—4.00, 8.30, 9.20, 11.35 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 4.00, 8.30 11.35 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green streets—7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.35, 5.45, 6.25 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.35 a m, 5.30, 10.45 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.46 a m, 12.40, 3.10, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 6.00, 7.15, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

9 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg and Gettysburg.

6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Reigantine week days, 8 a m, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Malaga Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.30 8.00 8.30, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Glenlock, 8.30, 8.45, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8 a m, 4 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, and South Third street, and 1856 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service, Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1282.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pass. Agent.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Send for Circulars. E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich

MATRIMONIAL PAPER

Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with responses) of ladies and gentlemen wishing correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c. HEART and HAND, 62 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.